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Cariboo and Northern Digest

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DR. FRASER BUCKHAM

COLLECTION

EDITORIAL

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Political Double-talk

Ever since late last fall the Hon. Mr. Hart has been assuring the people of B. C. that 'something' is going to be done about the P.G.E. It is, in fact, going to be completed. Following last year's survey of possible routes to the Peace (which old-timers claim is about the fifth such survey) and Mr. Hart's return from various conferences back east, the public is currently being swamped with announcements. Over the air, in the Vancouver dailies and the country weeklies, they are coming in a never-ending stream. Costs of completing the road have been computed, government drillers have gone into the field to drill for coal in the vicinity of Hassler Creek — and apparently found it — they could hardly miss, as there are some four billion tons there — special privileges are being reserved for the proposed railway — townsite and divisional points are being set aside, etc. . . . Even cynical old-timers of Cariboo and the Peace River (who have many similar apparent revivals of governmental interest immediately preceding various elections during the past 30 years) have pricked up their ears and are once again becoming imbued with hope. With no election in the offing, they argue that the present excitement is a bona-fide interest in northern development on the part of our government, and not merely the same old bait (now growing maggoty) being dangled before them in an effort to win them back into the old-line political fold and away from those terrible upstarts the C.C.F.

We sincerely hope the old-timers are right; that it is *not* the old vote-patching formula being put to use again — but we have our doubts — To date the outstanding facts in regard to the P.G.E. are:

(a) that hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public's money are again being spent on surveys relating

to the P.G.E. with no real assurance that the results will not be filed away in some musty corner to gather dust for the next fifteen years along with scores of other such survey records.

(b) that if all the monies that have been expended on making P.G.E. surveys since the initial survey in 1914 had been spent on construction, P.G.E. rails would now terminate at Prince George rather than at Quesnel.

(c) that the public is currently being swamped with 'assurances' and never-ending statements by the government telling of its 'determination' to complete the line, but that in all such statements definite loopholes are left for inaction.

In an article by Mr. Hart published in the November issue of Construction World entitled "P.G.E. Extension ASSURED", Mr. Hart states in the closing paragraph, and we quote, "The Government is determined that the railway shall be extended. . . , but in the paragraph immediately preceding this he states, — " . . . should (if) we complete the P.G.E. . . . " — a perfect example of political double-talk. With 'determination' he promises, knowing that he is neatly free of any commitments by virtue of having said "if we complete" As a rule, two such obviously conflicting statements are kept far enough apart so that the average homo-sapien voter forgets the first before reading the second.

Mr. Hart is B.C.'s foremost politician, and as such is a top-flight diplomat — an expert manipulator of the English language — he has managed to create the impression amongst the general public that his government is determined to go ahead and complete the P.G.E. yet virtually all official statements on the subject are studded with 'ifs' and 'buts', — loopholes for retreat by which means the govern-

The hard way -

● At long last (after 21 years) the Toll on the Cariboo Road has been removed — with the government maintaining to the bitter end that it had been imposed all along for the purpose of raising funds to keep the road in repair — rather than admit the true reason — that the toll was put on to protect the railroads (the C.P.R., C.N.R. and the P.G.E.) against freight truck competition.

● If raising funds had been the true reason, then the toll should have been doubled rather than abolished for the road is in worse condition today than it has ever been for years.

● Actually, the B.C. government and the C.P.R. and C.N.R. don't seem to be hitting it off so well together of late. — After protecting the railroads all these years the railroads are trying to bite the hand that helped feed it by 'upping' the freight rate a cool 30 percent without equalizing the east-west, west east rates.

● Reason for the abolition of the toll, is that it is perhaps the first move of retribution on the part of B.C. in the freight-rate fight. — If the railroads win (and it is expected that they will) there is to be a tremendous government-sponsored increase in *trucking*. Removing the toll was the first step in this direction, and allows the truckers to compete with the railroads on much lower freight classifications (involving great tonnages) than any they have hauled to date.

● "Its an ill wind that doesn't blow some good". If the railroads win their increase, it will be a tough blow to B. C. producers, but it will also undoubtedly open up the eyes of Victoria to the fact that it can play-ball with Eastern Canada just so long before getting its fingers burnt — which may result in a slow-down or cancellation, of negotiations now under way to turn the P.G.E. over to the C.P. and C.N. railroads. The transcontinentals are

EDITORIAL — continued

ment's *determination* can be allowed to cool off to its usual complacent indifference.

Completing the P.G.E. is going to be a battle; a battle against eastern interests who stand to lose millions of dollars through the loss of its monopoly — its beautiful strangle-hold —

On Partnerships -

Our government has hung out the 'Welcome' mat. With open arms it is inviting the C.N.R. and the C.P.R. to step in and become partners in the project of completing and operating the P.G.E. railway. In effect, this invitation on the part of our government wherein eastern financial interests are being asked to step in and exploit Northern B.C. in whatever manner will best suit their (eastern) interests, regardless of whether B.C. development suffers by their method of operation.

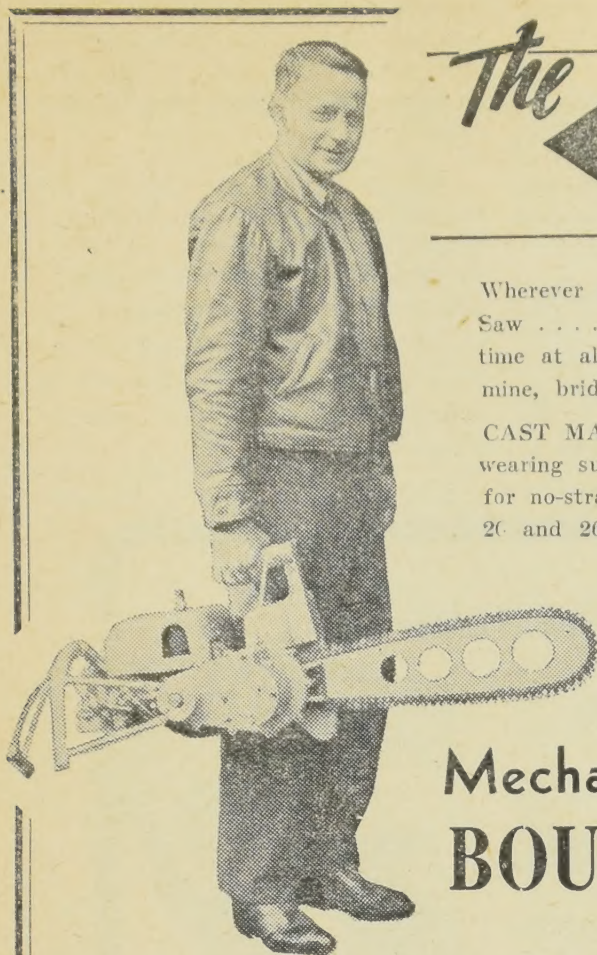
There is an old axiom which we have all heard many times, to wit: "if you want anything done well - do it yourself", and it is high time our government stopped running around looking for hand-outs, especially when such hand-outs (if forthcoming at all) must inevitably be accompanied by *strings*; strings which would seriously hamper the industrial and economic expansion of this province.

To those who doubt our contention that the proposed partners are totally undesirable, we offer the proof of the present Rail Rate Squabble, in which the C.P.R. (our proposed partner) is resorting to all manner of high-pressure tactics in an effort to convince the Board of Railway Commissioners that they are entitled to a 30 percent increase in general freight rates. No single commodity marketed in Canada, — no single service rendered — has been allowed, in one sweeping move, a similar increase in rates or prices — yet the railroads *demand it!*

Our proposed partners are fighting for this exorbitant increase - regardless of what effect it may have on the economy of the various provinces. Not

on Northern B.C. To date the government has gone in to do battle with its head turned back over its shoulder, so as not to lose sight of the road by which it is to beat a hasty retreat as soon as things get warm — (Pardon us our cynicism please - but somehow we don't feel the least bit 'assured'.)

only are the two transcontinentals demanding a 30 per cent increase in rates, but have heatedly refused to allow the question of the unfair east-west, west-east freight rates to be brought up at this hearing. The inequality of these rates has unjustly prevented Western Canadian manufacturers from marketing any of their products (except those which the east desires) east of the Rocky mountains in competition with eastern manufacturers, by imposing a higher freight rate on east bound freight than on freight coming in from the east. . . . Except for the P.G.E., virtually all rail roads in Canada are owned and operated by the two transcontinental lines. The control of these lines is centred in Eastern Canada, and the controlling interests take great care to see that they are operated in such a manner as to enrich the coffers of Eastern Canada. These then are our proposed partners. . . . The two railroads which controll the economy of almost all Canada. All that is needed to make their monopoly complete is turn over to them the control of the P.G.E., after which brilliant move on the part of the government, they will have a complete monopoly on heavy transportation in Canada. Eastern Canada will decide then whether Peace River wheat moves south to Vancouver or east to Fort William, whether northern B.C. lumber and minerals should move east or south. . . . this by an out and out refusal to move them west or south if it does not suit *their* purpose - - - witness Prince Rupert's empty grain elevator and the consistant refusal on the part of the 'powers that be' to allow western Alberta wheat to



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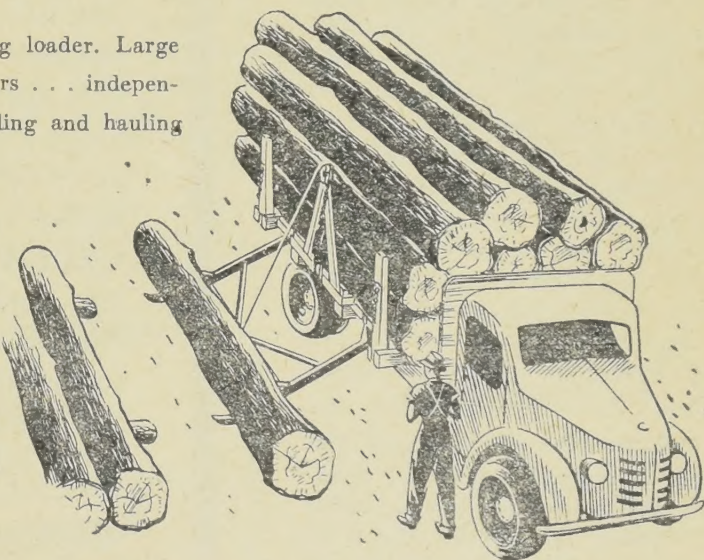
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The Hard Way — cont.

now showing the true and grasping nature of their colours. Acquisition of the P.G.E. by the transcontinentals would give them (and eastern Canada) a woefully complete strangle-hold on B.C. industry. — B.C. still has a little independence (in the form of the P. G.E.) — the freight rate battle may make our government realize that it is worth retaining.

● If the railways win their increase, watch for a swift completion of the Hope-Princeton Road — this will cut 100 miles off the truckers route into the Okanogan — *C.P.R. pressure has kept this road uncompleted for thirty years.*

● Look also for renewed interest and activity in the north. The Hansard-Jasper link of but 80 miles is all that remains to be completed to give Canada a *second* Trans-Canada Highway. To date the C.N.R. has opposed the completion of this connecting link (and our government has lent an ear) for it is obvious that if completed a Bus and Truck transportation system would spring up immediately and make serious inroads into the railroad's freight and passenger traffic. — Aroused over losing (perhaps) the rail-rate fight, our government may decide that protection of the railroad at this point is no longer a 'mysterious necessity'. (It is noticeable that in recent road appropriations totalling many millions, no big (if any) appropriations were made in order to bring about the completion of this link — Canada's second (to be) *Trans-Canada Highway*.)

● In fact the whole of B.C. may look forward to a sudden spurt in road-building and road improvement, regard less of whether the railroads like it or not. Now that the government is getting its dander up, we may even see a genuine effort made to complete the Pine Pass, or 'Hart', highway within the latest extension of time (Fall, 1948) rather than the deliberate stalling that is now taking place — in order that completion can take place during the

move west for shipment to world markets from this port. . . there is far more money to be made by the railroads in hauling wheat clear across the Dominion before shipment. Even if they complete the P.G.E. it will still be more profitable to move freight east rather than south to Vancouver.

Let us face the facts! — Completion of the P.G.E. and proper operation of this north-south line of communication is too vital to the whole future of B.C. to risk taking in partners in the project who have shown themselves a-

gain and again to be not one whit interested in whether B.C. (or any other province) gets a square deal by their methods of doing business.

B.C. is growing up — its a 'big boy now', and should be learning a little about 'independence'. With the province admittedly in the best financial position it has ever enjoyed — let us build it ourselves, and thereby feel assured that the railroad will be administered to the greater good of *British Columbia*.

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LINES

No. 1

EDITORIAL — cont.

14 Percent Tax on Cattle

The joint Committee, appointed in 1945 to review all previous reports on railways and resources in Northern B. C., has come forth with the flat-footed statement that: "The present facilities (ship and barge) between Squamish and Vancouver are adequate until such time as traffic increases to about four times the present quantity, when the merits of a rail connection with the transcontinental railways should be investigated". . . This statement literally dooms Cariboo Cattle Shippers to pay a *Special tax* of 14 percent — not to the provincial government — but to the *inefficiency* of the P.G.E.

It has been reliably determined that there is a definite shrinkage loss of 14 percent by weight on every steer shipped to the Vancouver market via the P.G.E. — It has also been just as reliably estimated that the shrinkage loss on cattle shipped an equal distance via any other railroad is so slight as to be negligible.

P.G.E. officials and cattlemen alike agree that the shrinkage occurs not on the north end of the line, but in the water link (the long wait-over and barge transportation) on the south end. Thus all shippers, from Lillooet to Quesnel, are suffering this loss of 14 percent by weight, and consequently in value.

At present day prices this shrinkage

amounts to \$7.00 per head. — With an annual production of cattle of 20,000 head, and working it out over the 30 year period that the P.G.E. has been in operation, we have the appalling figure of approximately \$4,200,000.00 lost to the cattlemen due to 'shrinkage' — almost the exact figure which surveys indicate that it would cost to complete the rail connection from Squamish to Vancouver.

However unpleasant the prospect to the cattlemen, they are faced with the prospect of continuing indefinitely, unless 'something' is done, to pay this 14 percent tax on every pound of beef which they intend to market in Vancouver via the P.G.E.

THREE SOLUTIONS —

Of the three possible solutions to this 30 year old problem, one is for the cattlemen to demand (and win) a subsidy of not less than \$5.00 per head (at present prices) on every steer shipped to Vancouver via the P.G.E. — Solution No.2, which the cattlemen have been trying to bring about for 30 years, now (since the Committee's statement as quoted above) seems out of the question, and embodied the immediate completion of the railroad from Squamish to Vancouver.

Solution No.3, the one with the most chance of success, and one which would

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The HARD Way - concl.

next election year, so that the present regime may then point with pride to their *newly-finished highway* in an effort to win the North back from the C.C.F.

● Increased rates may well force the increased development of B.C.'s two seaports. Unless lumber prices are allowed to rise to absorb the increased rates, the 300-odd sawmills — now operating along the C.N. line in Northern B.C., and who are now marketing their lumber in the east, may well be forced to look overseas for a market, and ship from the port of Prince Rupert. Much that is now moving from western Canada to eastern ports for shipment on to world markets, may, if rates are increased, be shipped from Vancouver. — It may even come to pass, that regardless of what effect it may have on C.N.R. freight shipments out of Northern B.C., the P.G.E. will be completed shortly at least as far as Prince George, where it will pick up its share of the 4000-odd carloads of lumber and other produce which annually find their way to eastern Canadian markets and ports and swell the coffers of the C.N.R. while in transit.

● ALL in ALL, though an increase in rates will undoubtedly work a hardship on B.C. industry, it should also shock our government out of its age-old complacency and willingness to take dictation from Eastern Canadian interests *Win or Lose*, the present rail-rate battle is one of the *best* things that ever happened to B.C., in that it should mark the turning point in regard to governmental policy concerning 'protection' for the railroads. — Knowing where we stand, B.C. should now be able to go ahead with development without first submitting the plans for such development to the railroads for their approval The rail rate battle is bitter medicine — *but sometimes we have to learn the HARD way*

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Cariboo Sky Pilot

by A. H. TOWNSEND



The following work is the authentic account of a Cariboo Sky Pilot, Rev. A. S. Ellis, who pioneered in the Cariboo over twenty-five years ago. Mr. Ellis is well known to the author and is a close personal friend. His pioneer spirit paved the way for others to follow, and the Cariboo is a better land today because of this intrepid Sky Pilot who heard the call of this vast hinterland known as "Cariboo."

Our story opens in San Francisco, the fall of 1920. A young man, A. S. Ellis, was doing mission work in an old corner saloon that had been converted into a mission hall. From Market Street, with its busy traffic, crowded sidewalks and fashion parade, down to the infamous Barbary Coast, contacts were made. One evening the mission meeting was conducted by a young man who had recently returned from the Cariboo. He told of the great needs of the land and said the people would gladly receive preachers of any denomination. He told of a young couple who had travelled 200 miles to find a minister in order to become married; of lonely settlers who had buried their child on a lone hillside, with nobody to read the Scriptures or offer a prayer to God. The heart of the young man was touched. Then and there he (Mr. Ellis) decided to go northward to the Cariboo. The speaker had inferred that the need was greater than the outstandingly infamous Barbary Coast.

Mission Boards are slow. This intrepid young minister didn't bother to look twice at one. He began his adventure without the backing of a slow-moving, bogged-down (like the P.G.E.) Mission Board. Arriving in Seattle, he booked passage for Victoria. Here he entered the Department of Education and applied for a position teaching school in the Cariboo. He was offered a school at Dragon Lake, which he accepted. At that

time the P.G.E. had reached Williams Lake, but a construction train carried passengers as far as Soda Creek. The passengers had to run up and down the coach, however, stamping their feet to keep from freezing. This taste of pioneer life was augmented further. When the train stopped at the end of steel their baggage was thrown out in the snow. Here they were instructed to wait for a sleigh, which would eventually take them to Quesnel. In the intervening space, while waiting for the sleigh to arrive, the passengers ran around the luggage pile in the sub-zero weather, stamping their feet to keep warm. The Sky Pilot was being initiated to Cariboo life.

When the sleigh finally arrived, the passengers were taken to a hotel of the Wild West type; making the twenty-five-mile trip to Quesnel, by team and sleigh, the next day, after an early departure and late arrival. Then, with an overnight stop in Quesnel, the following day the Rev. Mr. Ellis walked out to Dragon Lake, announcing his arrival as school teacher. Here the school trustee proved to be a man with a wooden leg, living on his homestead alone. The Sky Pilot and this man bunked together in primitive style, but the stub-leg proved to be a "thorn in the flesh" of the school teacher-preacher. In turn, the owner of the offensive member was afraid that injury might result from too close contact, where the stump

was concerned. Thus Mr. Ellis was given a cabin, about one mile from the schoolhouse. Here he resided in solitude and taught school during the term, conducting church services on each Sunday of the week, his banjo taking the place of a pipe organ. This arrangement was satisfactory, but the inevitable result of his preaching produced the usual enthusiastic welcome of those hectic days—a shower of sticks and stones on one occasion. He had to take shelter in the schoolhouse, and the receptions following were just as spicy and tinged with early Cariboo enthusiasm.

450 Miles On Foot

The following summer the Cariboo Sky Pilot made a 450-mile journey on foot. Having aided the Department of Education, during his term at Dragon Lake, he was privileged to fulfill his full-time ministry once again. A Bible, song book, blankets and a few personal effects in a haversack, an army water bottle, and a banjo completed the equipment. He journeyed by day on foot, preaching and distributing literature, and sleeping at night beneath the canopy of the stars, lulled to sleep by the croaking of frogs and the distant howl of coyotes.

After a short visit at the Coast, the Sky Pilot commenced his second missionary journey at Lillooet, where the Methodist pastor had granted permission to use the church. The whole day was spent in house-to-house visitation. Without exception, everybody visited promised to attend the service that evening, but two. When the hour arrived, however, nobody showed up. Disgusted, the Cariboo Sky

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The Agricultural Possibilities of the PEACE RIVER District of B. C.

by H. GILES

Trying to look into the future of the Peace River District of British Columbia and put its possibilities into cold print is not an easy matter. The country is large and conditions within it vary. There are low undrained spots where frosts are frequent and benches above the Peace where fruits and vegetables are grown which are usually associated with the southern part of the Province. I have resided in the district for nearly twenty years and visited many sections from Carbon River to Fort Vermilion and from the Liard River to Lesser Slave Lake. I have seen watermelons and cantaloupes ripened outside in a natural way and have seen frosts in nearly every month of the year. Neither of these conditions, however, is general. There are exceptionally well-favoured spots here, as in other districts throughout Canada, and summer frosts were general on the prairies in the early days. Summer frosts are not a regular occurrence, but there have been years when tender garden stuff has been nipped. There has never been a year of real scarcity of staple vegetables nor has there ever been a farm crop failure.

The salvation of the prairie farmers has been brought about by the work of the plant breeder. The work is still going on and the splendid efforts of the experimental stations, scientists and many individual breeders throughout the world are gradually making both the "frozen" north and the arid sections of the universe productive. With these factors in mind, who can foresee the possibilities of the future?



The excellent growth of Peace River vegetable crops is shown in this photo.

World championships in wheat, oats, rye, etc., have been won repeatedly by farmers of the Peace River District. These repeated winnings are evidence that it was not a flash in the pan brought about by exceptionally favourable conditions during an odd season. Here I would like to pay tribute to Wm. S. Simpson, the International Rye King for 1946. His winning sample, known as "Hurricane," was bred by himself at his farm near Dawson Creek. It is a cross between Storm and Tempest varieties. Incidentally, it is his second rye crown, having won previously with Storm. He has a number of other new plants to his credit, including alfalfa, peas, wheat and potatoes. To do him justice would take up a special article.

I have at hand two pamphlets on the North. One is by the late W. D. Albright, for many years superintendent of the Beaverlodge Experimental Station, and one by B. A. McKelvie, a well-known journalist of Vancouver. Mr. Albright was sent by Dr. Archibald, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms, to make a survey of agricultural possibilities of the Mac-

kenzie Delta, 101 miles north of Edmonton or 1329 miles north of the international boundary. A very fine report, illustrated by splendid photographs, was printed in The Geographic Review, January, 1933, and reprinted in pamphlet form. Mr. McKelvie's pamphlet is titled "Challenge From the North" and is a reprint of articles originally appearing in the Vancouver Province. This pamphlet deals with the general resources of northern British Columbia. Anyone who has any doubts about the possibilities of

the Northland should read these.

With these facts in mind, what shall we say about the future? Grain, tomatoes and garden truck have been ripened outside all down the Mackenzie Valley to right inside the Arctic Circle. Canada has agricultural possibilities in its Northland which in the future may exceed the wealth of its minerals and oil. Once the minerals and oil have been removed, there is an end to that wealth, but agriculture, properly applied, should last forever.

To get some idea of the possibilities of the Peace River District of British Columbia, let us see what

continued on page 20

KLONDYKE TRAIL DRIVE

(in 1898)

An unembellished tale of hope, perseverance, frustration and tragedy which took place during the days of the Klondyke Gold Rush. . . . The Diary of NORMAN LEE A record of his historic trek with two hundred head of cattle from the Chilcotin, over the old Telegraph Trail to Hazelton, Telegraph Creek, Teslin — and back — down the Stikine River to Wrangell, Alaska, during the year 1898 A record which graphically illustrates the stuff from which Cariboo's early pioneers were made

We started out gaily enough on the seventeenth of May 1898 with about two hundred head of beef cattle. The pack train of nine horses had gone ahead in charge of two men.....one to attend to the horses, the other to cook. The cook took the lead, the boss packer bringing up the rear. Five men besides myself drove the cattle. We had decided to try an unknown trail down the Blackwater River which was supposed to shorten the distance. The first night from home we camped on the Anahim flat. The cattle, all being fresh, had to be night-herded, which in a pouring rain proved to be decidedly unpleasant.

From there we moved to Young's place, where we had to lay over a day, as some of the horses proved to be unsuitable. For the next few days nothing of importance took place. Feed was not good, which told on the horses, especially as they were worked somewhat hard at the start. Our cook surprised us by becoming sick, and unable to work. We all thought he was shamming, so did not pay much attention to him, except to appoint one of our Indians to cook in his stead.

We found on the whole, fairly good camps along the Blackwater, and jogged along at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day. The cattle were hard to drive, as the trail, being in disuse, was frequently covered with fallen timber, so that our horses got pretty well used up chasing the cattle back to the herd when they broke away. About a hundred miles

from home we camped for the night where an Indian had fenced in some kind of a ranch. He was an educated genius, who kept a bit of a store, and sold pipes and jackknives to the other Indians. I also discovered that he sold rum. From this place to the main telegraph trail, the track was so little used that I was obliged to hire an Indian to show us the way. He only had one eye, but was one of the best men to find cattle by following their tracks that I have ever seen. All through this country the timber is thick, so that when the cattle got scattered at night it was sometimes quite an art to find them again. On Sunday the 29th of May, we arrived at a river of considerable size. We had been told this would be very bad to cross but managed to get over without much trouble. All the next day we travelled through the timber without a sign of anything for the cattle to eat; but just as we were despairing of finding a camping ground, we came on an opening of a hundred acres or more.

To our disgust we found that an Indian had fenced it in, and would no doubt charge us a great deal of money for the privilege of putting the cattle inside the fence. Investigation showed that the proprietor was not at home, so that in a short while the cattle were safely fenced in for the night. This was one of our best camps, as thanks to the fence-building native, we had a rest from night-herding.

I met the Indian on the trail several days later, and of course the Indian who was working for me told how we had camped on his ground. He rode

up to me looking very fierce, and wanted to know what I meant by it. I meekly tried to explain that there was no other place to camp, but he didn't see the joke and said, "Suppose I stop — I take your money."

I was pleased he had not stopped, and told him so with a smile that I did not try to conceal, and said, "I think more better you no stop."

He looked sour, but must have realized that it was rather late in the day to protest, and so moved on.

The next day we came early to more water that had to be crossed. It was only about fifty feet across, but was deep enough to make the cattle swim. The trail was hedged in with bushes so that the animals could not see the other side, and absolutely refused to go across. We had to cut a trail around (five or six miles) to find a better crossing, and it was night when at length we reached the other side.

Two more days of travel and we contacted the Telegraph Trail about fifty miles from Quesnel. So far we had been travelling alone, but now that we were on the main road to the golden north, we were surprised to see the crowds of pilgrims flocking north to the goldfields. Every half hour one or more packtrains would go on up the trail — all kinds and breeds of horses — and men from the four corners of the earth — of every creed and colour. They were evidently prepared for war, for hardly a man passed but was hung all over with six-shooters and bowie knives — these were the men who later that year were going to buy

the beef which they now cursed for blocking the trail — all providing that dame fortune smiled upon them in their quest for gold.

The trail was much better than that which we had been travelling, being cut out to eight feet in width and as straight as an arrow for miles. It was a pretty sight to see the cattle along this trail, stringing out one behind the other, with a cowpuncher behind every thirty or forty.

At the end of the first day on this trail we camped at Mud River, a small stream, which however seemed deep enough to require swimming. An Indian had built a raft, and was busy ferrying people, goods and horses across. He must have coined a good deal of money as his charges were stiff. I made a bargain with him to cross my stuff and then made a discovery. A little way down the stream was a trail leading to the water, which I followed, and found that I could ford the cattle and the pack animals easily, which was duly done, and our example was followed by all the other pilgrims who were about to cross with the help of the Indian. The ferryman saw that his business was ended, so climbed aboard his raft, cast loose from the shore and vanished down stream.

Later on we discovered the reason of things. It appeared that the river was fordable except at high water, so Mr. Indian saw a good chance to get a bit of his own back at the white men. He had taken his axe fallen a number of trees across the stream but out of sight of the crossing, thus creating a dam which raised the level of the creek to the high-water mark after which he did a booming ferry business. A short while before we came along, someone who knew the country, being surprised at the depth of the water, looked up and down and discovered the fraud.

It was at this place that Sir Arthur Curtis was lost, and never heard of again. This happened some few days after we passed by.

The horses strayed here, and we were glad when we were able to get away after being delayed for several days hunting them. One of my Indians



Norman Lee, in the year 1902

Back in the late '70's, Norman Lee, fresh from Hailebury College, was articulated to an architect in Chester (England), but found that the lot of an apprentice architect was mostly a case of hunching over drafting boards in dingy, ill-lit, musty offices, and entirely devoid of even the slightest hint of adventure which his youthful high spirits craved. As a result, he didn't stay long, and after making a stab at the army (only to be plucked in the examinations) he answered the call that was luring men from the four corners of the world to the glorious West and the California and Cariboo gold fields.

In 1882 he arrived in San Francisco, tarried awhile by the city of the Golden Gate, but eventually arrived at Yale, B.C., 120 miles up the Fraser River from Vancouver, and jumping off place for the Cariboo and interior — Yale being the head of navigation on the Fraser River. . . . The big rush to Cariboo was over, and for every young hopeful bound north, there were dozens returning, embittered and disillusioned. . . .

He found it very difficult to get a job, worthy of the name, and was forced to take any kind of work that happened to come along, and for a time was a foreman in charge of a gang of Chinamen who were engaged in throwing rocks off the right-of-way of the C.P.R., as the Royal Engineers pushed the first steel through the Fra-

ser Canyon to the Pacific. . . . In later years Mr. Lee, with a twinkle in his eye, often used to say, "When I built the C.P.R. . . ."

Bossing a gang of Chinamen, was not Mr. Lee's idea of how his destiny should be fulfilled, and a year or so later found him in Kamloops, a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Co. store there. In Kamloops he met and became the friend of a Mr. Bayliff who was learning the art of ranching at the Cornwall ranch at Cherry creek, west of Kamloops.

Being young and full of ambition, they decided to explore the Cariboo, especially the more remote regions off the beaten track, with the end in view of starting a ranch of their own — clerking, after all, was not much different than being tied down to a drafting board — and he certainly hadn't travelled 8000 miles in order to hem himself within four walls even if they were built of logs.

Up over the old Cariboo Trail, they went — with its dust, and ruts, and bog holes; its slow moving ox-teams and freight wagons; the rip-snortin' stage coaches of the famous Barnard's Express; the less fortunate who plodded northward on foot with all their earthly belongings in a sack on their backs. They made many side excursions off the main path of travel and eventually landed at Redstone, where the second generation of Bayliffs still reside and carry on the ranching business started by their father nearly sixty years ago.

Today Redstone is a one-day drive almost due west of the shipping point of Williams Lake, situated on the Cariboo Road some 400 miles north of Vancouver by road. In 1890 there was however, no town of Williams Lake, (the town wasn't built until the P.G.E. came through in 1914), and all freight stock, and wayfarers bound for the Chilcotin had to cross the Fraser River on a ferry at Soda Creek. Everything went by this route, including machinery and supplies — and on 'the other side' there were no roads, only old In-

dian trails and game trails — and unfriendly Indians (the Waddington massacre had taken place only a few years before)

For a long time it was tough going, and they subsisted on a diet consisting chiefly of salmon, bacon, tea, rice, salt, beans and a few other staples — At one time during an epidemic of the Flu, which they both contracted, their only medicine was Kerosene. . . They both survived, but whether it was 'be cause of', or 'despite' the copious doses of kerosene, they never could decide.

Before the turn of the century they dissolved partnership, and Mr Lee acquired the site of the present 'home' ranch from a party by the name of Ole Norberg, who conducted a store of sorts, as well as a ranch, and who was a peculiar character in many ways. —One of them being that he had always, in all his transactions, insisted on cash payments, which cash he would hide in various parts of his store. . . Upon taking over, Mr. Lee often came upon a ten or twenty dollar gold piece hidden in the bottom of the flour barrel, tea box, or some such place where the previous proprietor had hidden it only to forget where it was.

Mr. Lee soon established a brisk trade among the trappers and settlers of the district, and up until 1908 his was the only store between Bella Coola and the Fraser River.

It was shortly after he had established himself on his own ranch that

he set out on his trek to the Klondyke with 200 head of his prime steers — the record of which journey is published herewith.

Four years after the ill-fated enterprise, which was undertaken in 1898, he returned to England and married his youthful sweetheart, and brought his bride out to his wilderness home in the Chilcotin, where he proceeded to build, with true pioneering spirit, one of Cariboo's largest herds of pure-bred Hereford cattle, and established the trading centre known today as Hanceville.

Norman Lee passed on a few years ago, but his wife, plucked out of the very much cultivated atmosphere of the 'old world' and set down in the wilds of the Chilcoen still carries on —one of the few, if not the only, woman cattle-ranch operators in the Dominion.

Says Mrs. Lee (of Mr. Lee), "He was one of the fairest and most just men I ever met. He never groaned over adversities, always saying, when misfortune overtook his endeavours, that it was nothing — and that he'd make use of the knowledge gained in his misfortune to do better the next time. He never used profane language, and often told the cowboys when he caught them cursing some balky steer, "I say there my boy — you're being rather silly you know. The poor creature really *can't* understand you—Now if you'll just do it like this. . . ."

became homesick, and left, so we shipped our late cook along with him. We had thought he had been shamming sick, but at last began to think things were getting serious, as he used to swell all over, and his face turned blue. We were somewhat short-handed for awhile after this, and to increase our troubles, the cook refused to cook any more. I tried the other members of the party, but none of them wanted the job of cooking, which nearly decided me to turn back home, as I did not propose to do the cooking myself. However, just in the nick of time a-

long came two fellows looking for a job. Two great big Missourians, they were, bedecked with the inevitable six-guns and bowie knives. I said I would give them both jobs if one of them would cook, but they did not care for cooking any more than did my own men and went away. Next day they were back again ready to work, if I would give the cook a little more pay, which I was glad enough to do. Phil took charge of the pack train, and Jake tried to cook. He was willing, but he was not a cook.

He tormented us for some three hun-

dred miles. I was frequently blinded with indigestion so badly that I couldn't count the cattle properly. One, Jack Macaulay of the Chilcotin, camped with us one evening. I asked him what he thought of our cook. He replied, "I don't call him a cook at all. I call him a flour-destroyer and hog-food specialist. His grub's only fit for hogs to eat."

About 120 miles from Quesnel we came to Sinkut Lake where there was good feed for the animals. A small stream came out of the lake, which was deep enough however to make the animals swim. There was no ferryman however, and for this reason — When one came to the stream a good ford was found by keeping well into the lake, where one would hardly expect to find a ford. An Indian, taking in this situation, had cut a good wide trail to the stream with a fine trail on the other side also, making it appear as if one must swim one's horses. He then built a raft, and made much money crossing people, baggage and stock while all the time there was a good ford a few yards off. Happily the fraud was discovered a few days before our party came along.

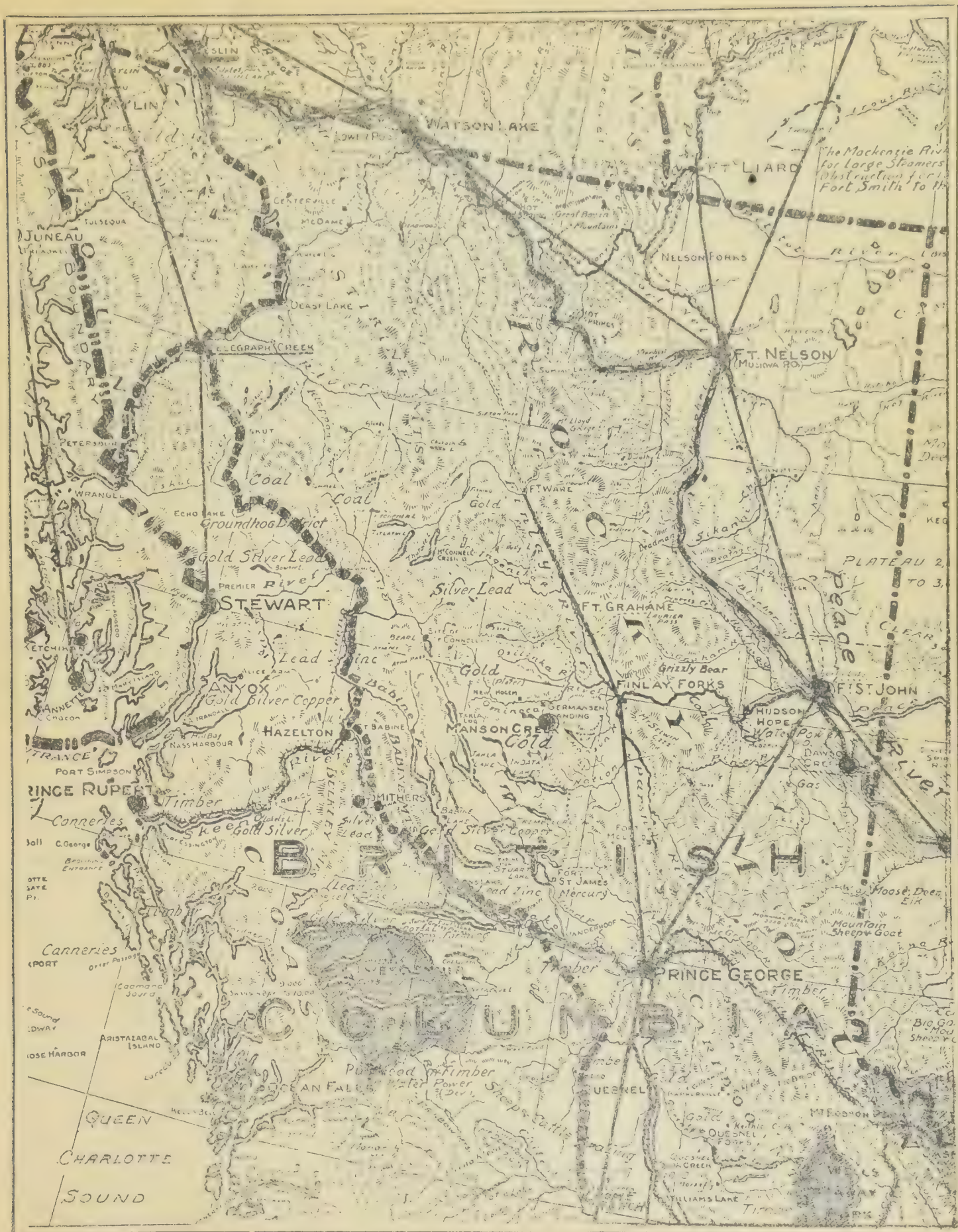
Six miles more took us to some fine open range close to Stoney Creek. Here we hung up for a few days to give the horses and cattle a much needed rest. We killed a small heifer, and had plenty of fresh meat which was pleasant and a change from our usual diet of bacon. We also sold some of the meat to the pilgrims who passed by. Of the cattle that had started from the Chilcotin, Jim Cornell was about a week ahead of us with 75 head, Gerry Gravel about three days ahead with a hundred head, and we heard that Johnny Harris with his 200 was trying to catch us up.

About this time we fell in with a party from Montreal which had started with their pack trains from the American side. I saw a good deal of these people at one time and another, and was favourably impressed by them.

Here we came across a "Burro" outfit — a pack-train of forty or fifty little 'Mokes'* out of which the own-

* Australian slang for 'Donkey'.

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The Rescue of Dan Crowley



by Sergt. G. H. Clark

DAN CROWLY and Ted Vachon were trapping partners. Their line was located in extremely mountainous country about fifty miles North-West of Blue River and the main line of the Canadian National Railway. Crowley was a man of fifty-three who had spent all his life outdoors. He was an experienced woodsman with an extensive knowledge of hunting, trapping and prospecting. Ted Vachon was a youth of twenty who had already trapped for several seasons. He stood about six feet three in his moccasins and was as active as a wildcat..

In common with other trappers, Crowley and Vachon made Blue River their headquarters during the close season. It is a divisional point on the railway in the heart of the Rockies, about half way between Kamloops B.C. and Jasper, Alberta, whose inhabitants are for the most part railway employees. At Christmas time Vachon brought out some pelts of the early fur and returned to the trapline with provisions for the remainder of the season. Some distance from the home cabin on Angushorn Lake he met his partner crossing the snow slides on Grizzly Mountain. Crowley had come to meet him to assist in packing in the supplies. At this time the weather was bitterly cold, at least forty below zero, and Crowley had just discovered the fact that his feet were frozen.

They hastened to the cabin and Crowley set about thawing out his feet.



Rescue plane at Mud Lake, Blue River B.C. — Under wing of plane, "Ginger Coote, Sergt. G.H. Clark, Ted Vachon, Mac. McCleod, Charlie McCleod.

Frostbite was no new experience to him, and his treatment, though drastic, usually brought the desired results. After a good soaking in ice water and rubbing with snow, he thought he had restored circulation, and turned into his pine bunk. The next morning, however, he discovered that his feet were still frozen. Assisted by Vachon he went at them again, but the blood refused to circulate. The mercury in the little thermometer hanging outside the door remained down, and it was too cold to trap. Day after day passed and despite the combined efforts of the partners, Crowley's feet failed to respond to any treatment and showed no signs of recovery.

On the twenty-fifth of February they decided that the situation was really serious. Gangrene was commencing to spread in Crowley's feet, and the weather showed no signs of moderating. It was decided that Vachon should go for help, but before he could leave he had to collect food and firewood for his helpless partner. One day was spent looking for game, but the weather was too cold for the Caribou to travel. He gave up hunting and tramped to one of their line cabins, gathered up food there and returned to Crowley. While engaged in

this, Vachon had his own feet nipped, but not severely. Leaving food and fuel convenient for Dan, he set out for Blue River on the morning of March the first. Ted carried no pack and his food supply for the journey consisted of three small bannock and a Bull Durham (tobacco) sack filled with tea.

By night he made Camp Comfort, one of their cabins on the summit of Hope Mountain eight miles from where he had left Crowley. Lighting the fire he made tea and ate a bannock. About midnight a strong Chinook started to blow and he could hear the snow released by the warm wind, roaring down the mountainside. Then it rained — a regular torrent. When Ted set out in the grey dawn, the rain was still falling heavily. Travel was slow and difficult. Every step sank deep and the water-saturated snow fell in on his snow shoes. At the head of Hope River just as he was about to cross a wide snow slide, the whole sheet of snow began to move. Before his eyes thousands of tons of snow slithered down the steep mountainside and went crashing out of sight into a canyon below. Later that day he broke a snowshoe on a jutting root,

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The Unnamed Lake

- A Tale about 'purists', and 'wormers', and a boat that leaked -

by **Cariboo King**



Jim Price and Ernie Edwards — two boys of the pre-atomic, Canadian Army — and yours truly discovered the lake, not that we were the first ones to do so; but we did nose it out for ourselves, and our efforts were abundantly rewarded. When your editor requested a fishing yarn, I thought immediately of our adventures to the shores of the unnamed lake — the one unnamed lake that we have discovered todate in the Cariboo. There may be others; I do not know, but of one I am certain.

We had driven our delicate and shaky contraption over a road that would have broken the back of an ordinary car, but the elasticity of our crate, saved it from certain destruction. Then we came to a road (trail) that was even more foreboding. There was no surface; there never will be one, and the hills and valleys were as primitive as one could desire. Jim perked up as he sighted the "moose trail" and gave a cry of delight.

"Are you attempting to drive this bone-shaker over THAT road?" said Ernie to Jim, as Jim swung the car into the open maw of the moose trail. "Surely, your better judgment should be forth-coming this time. Our present road is bad enough. Wake up!"

"I am awake," replied Jim. Trouble with most people, they hang around the beaten track. You've got to get "back of beyond" if you desire to explore new territory. We might strike anything along this road — even yellow nuggets. There is gold in them thar' hills, podner! More kinds than one!"

"Yea! We'll strike something alright," answered Ernie, as Jim gritted his teeth and clung to the steer-

ing wheel and gunned the bone-shaker over the moose trail. He was right. Without warning we struck the first ridge — not bump — and hit the top of our craniums on the car roof. Bang! Bang! Bang! Rattle! Rattle! Rattle. We lost track of time; we lost track of the moose trail. We were ploughing through open stretches in virgin forest land. We hit the trail again and managed to retain it to the bitter end. What a ride!

At last, after a period of jolting, back-breaking travel we arrived at a natural clearing in the forest. Here, because we could go no further, we brought our limousine (?) to a halt beneath the forest sentinels. A game trail led off into the otherwise impenetrable forest.

"Look!" said Jim, who has a yen for exploring distant reaches. "A trail!"

"Sure," replied Ernie. "A trail. So what?"

"Let's go!" answered Jim, starting out without a backward glance to see if we were following. Resignedly, Ernie shrugged and stepped out in

the wake of Jim, while I churned along behind.

After we had progressed half a mile along this woodland trail, we came to sign of game. Here a deer had daintily stepped across the trail, leaving its tracks in the soft earth. Moose droppings and tracks were prevalent; squirrels barked on all sides; a camp robber came inquiringly near. Suddenly; Jim exploded; "Look! The pug marks of a cougar!"

"Cougar — nothing,!" answered Ernie. "You're looking at the track of a domesticated dog."

"Dog!" snorted Jim. Did you ever see man's best friend — four footed friend — this far back in the bush? We are in wilderness reaches. The forest primeval is on all sides of us. Dog! Nothing! How about it "Cariboo", what have we run into, cougar or dog tracks?"

Squinting long and close, I added what little weight I could to the argument. "You fellows are looking at the heel mark of an over-size boot,"

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Fish were in the unnamed lake — beautiful, rainbow-flecked, silvery trout.

Cattle are Pioneers

by R. HOBSON

CATTLE! That romantic word.— Beef Cattle! That magic phrase, conjuring up pictures in the imagination, of the frontier; of vast trail herds plodding relentlessly west across endless plains and prairies. The trail herds — a thundering sea of clashing horns; of bawling dust-streaked brown animals creeping west and north across a continent. Trail drivers — lean, hungry and hard, riding herd with sweat-caked ponies, and in the vanguard Conestoga wagons rolling always west and north beyond the horizon of civilization. — Pioneer cattle pushing back the frontiers.

And now, the general public is under the impression that trail herds and frontiers have gone forever. The new

generation associates the word 'cattle' with dude ranches, pseudo cowboy music, barbed wire fences and dollar fifty T-Bone steaks.

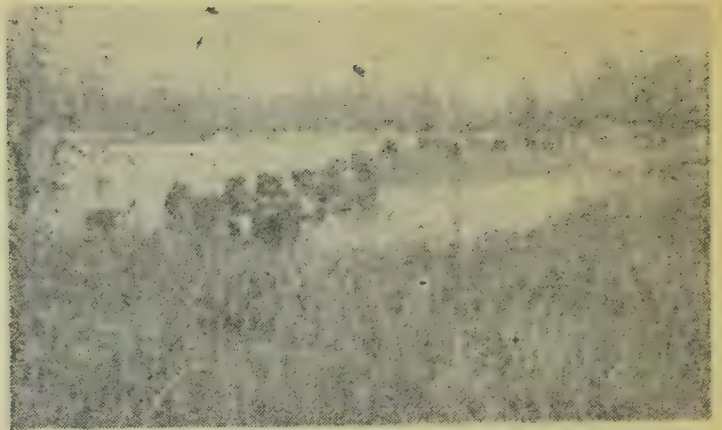
Even in British Columbia few people realize that here in Cariboo, and in the immense and little known areas to the north and west, trail herds still move on. Trail herds of a lesser degree, driving over distances not as great perhaps, but trail herds nevertheless.

Trail herds and riders still creep ahead of the frontier settlements into the unknown, facing bottomless muskegs, rugged canyons, jungle covered mountains and roaring rivers — Cattle moving forward across a vast wolf-infested country, its boundaries reach-

ing north to the barren tundra — Cattle, men, and horses facing hardships as great as those faced by trail-herds of the past. Hardships made even greater by the short seasons and the bitter cold; by the necessity of breaking through the immensity of an endless wasteland of windfalls, blackened charred snags, swamp rimmed lakes. Breaking through hundreds of miles with pack-horses instead of wagons; breaking through with axes instead of bull whips—cattle crashing northward!

Yes, cattle are pioneers. Cariboo cattle are pioneers, and they, like the people of Cariboo and the Omineca hold a unique distinction — the distinction of opening up what may well

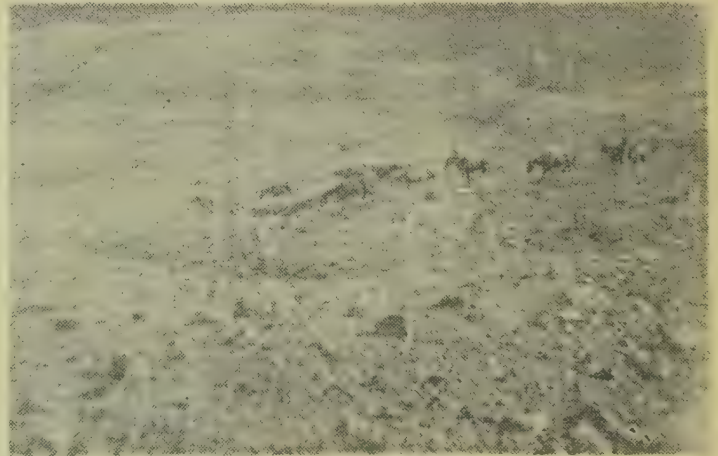
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This trail herd has reached its destination; the upper Nechako River beef range of Rim Rock Ranch after a two hundred and twenty-five mile drive through the brush.



Trail herd in unexplored country north west of Itcha mountains moving towards the headwaters of the Blackwater River, two hundred and sixty miles west of Williams Lake. Riders are Pan Phillips, George Pennoyer and the author.



On a trail drive — pack horses and riders crossing a land of rocks high above timber line in the Algak range — The blur in the upper left corner of the picture is the timber line more than three thousand feet below the drive.



Old Si's Cache

A true tale about an old Chinaman and his cache - somewhere in the vicinity of Quesnel - and of a young man who doesn't need it — yet.

by **ROBERT BARLOW**

A leathery-faced old Chinaman, who had seen much of the outdoors, stood waiting on the corner of Main and Hastings for the light to change. This had become an automatic procedure—as it becomes to all with a few years of city life behind them. So unconsciously did he await the signal that he had time to dream the while.

Pleasant dreams they were, too, for such an old man. This, he would never admit to himself. He could still climb forbidding trails with a split one hundred and fifty pounds on the ends of a shoulder pole — or so he thought. But an old man's dreams are not to be interfered with — they are all that are left to him.

An uncle in Victoria had sent for him to come to British Columbia when he had been but a boy, and had paid his head tax. This had been lifted, but what was that to a skookum young Chinaman? He had gone into business in his uncle's laundry, learned all there was to know about it, incidentally earning enough to pay back his head tax and much more besides, and then he had struck out for the much-talked-of rich diggings of Cariboo.

He packed supplies for small groups of Chinese miners on the Quesnel and Fraser Rivers. His camping places were permanent. He drove herds of fat hogs up the road to Barkerville and butchered them, as only a Chinaman can drive and kill hogs. He worked for Chinese overlords, whose business seemed to be to kill off the men before they had paid their head tax. But the young Si had paid his, and his means were his own.

Out of those earlier years of grueling labour, there must have been a

leaping magic, for now as he stood waiting for the green signal, incidents came shuffling in on him. Could it be the Chinese New Years just past?—No. Opium? — Never! Was it the moonlight nights he had spent on the trail and at his old camping places, or the golden 'clean-ups' in which he had shared? Here, he was the owner of a laundry run entirely by white help. Old Si had more than he had ever dreamed of possessing. — A long lost youth was calling him back to the outdoors.

He took a step from the curb, still dreaming. A shriek of brakes came through to him, a skidding car and a violent push. Si shook his head as other hands lifted him to his feet, for the young man who had saved him by giving him a push, had himself slipped and was pinned beneath the wheels of the car.

After that, week followed week — a dreamless period for old Si as he betook himself daily to the hospital bedside of the man who had saved him. Happiness came to him now too, for he was well able to afford the young man's every need — and there were a great many.

For the young man, the day of release from the hospital came. He courtously declined a light, yet well-paid job at Si's laundry, saying with a homesick fervour that his work lay in the timber.

But for any other reason, Si might have been impatient. This, however, he understood. During the months that followed, he thought about it increasingly. Here he had found the man, much younger, of a different nation-

ality, but essentially the same — a man whose life was shaped by a love of the outdoors — a kindred spirit despite the difference of creed and colour. This was the type Si needed. Very soon he would send for him.

When the young man stood beside Si's bed, there was no need to ask about the Chinaman's health, for the sands were running very low.

"You come," whispered Si. "Good." Here he produced a battered tin box, very shiny, and opened the lid. "You lookee," he commanded. . . . The young man looked. A small pinch of dirt was all that the box contained.

"Long time, box, him full up. Good dirt from China. By 'n'by, no dirt. Allee same Si." He smiled. "You going Cariboo pretty soon," he said and beckoned the young man to come closer.

Old Si spoke for some time, while the young man wrote notes and drew a rough map showing long-forgotten trails on a scrap of paper. Soon a strange silence came over the room. The young man looked up from his notes just as the battered tin box slid to the floor from Si's lifeless fingers spilling the last of its contents onto the floor.

During the recent strike of woodworkers in B.C., a young man came to Quesnel. The day after arriving, he struck out (with the aid of a map) on one of Si's many trails. Eventually he spotted a landmark noted on his map. Carefully measuring from a given spot, which was now overgrown with brush, he commenced to dig. He had worked only a few minutes when he struck metal. There it was, just as old Si had told him it would be — nor had he ever doubted that it would be there. It was old Si's 'nest-egg', his 'cache', as he called it.

"Well," mused the young man, feeling strangely emotional, "old Si never needed his cache — and neither do I — yet." He carefully filled and packed the dirt into the hole and sprinkled pine needles over it. He removed his hat for a moment, then turned, taking — as once before — only pleasant memories of old Si back to his work that 'lay in the timber'.

KWAH

A historic incident in which Sir James Douglas and Chief Kwah play the leading roles.

by W; N. 'Rusty' Campbell

Situated at Fort St. James B. C., but at a quiet spot that is practically unknown to even the few white residents of that once important fur trade post of the Great Company, is a grave and a primitive wood tomb erected to the memory of an ancient Indian, Chief Kwah. In his time long before the coming of the white man, this old headman held sway over all the scattered villages and lands of the far flung Carrier Tribe of Indians, who then numbered their members in thousands, where now are only hundreds. Like many of the historic figures and incidents of British Columbia, some of them closely linked with the founding of this Province, these things are soon forgotten save in the mists of old men's memories, and it is well if these figures and decaying landmarks of our early history can be at least recorded, even if not otherwise valued in the hurly-burly rush of development now reported taking place in that part of the province.

It was a bright windy day, that 26th, of July, 1908, with little white-caps dotting the lakes and ponds, when the Hudson Bay Company explorer, Simon Fraser, accompanied by John Stuart and a few paddlers, entered what is now Stuart Lake for the first time. They had pushed their way up the current of Stuart River all day and it was good to see slack water again. Their canoe, an ordinary birch bark

common to the territory east of the Rockies, swiftly shot into the wide sheet of water where the river breaks out of the Lake. Water fowl in hundreds rose up before them with a great clamor of cries, and an antlered deer was silhouetted for a moment only on a nearby rocky height. As far as the eye could see were rolling crag-like hills clothed in wind tossed pine, reflecting them-selves in the waters of the lake. Far beyond and capped with clouds, could be seen towering snow blanketed peaks. Little wonder

that these imaginative old Highland fur traders named this country New Caledonia after their native land.

Old Kwah and his people were fishing this day at the mouth of the Beaver River, a small river that entered the lake on the south shore, when an excited lad ran into their camp with word that a big canoe was coming from across the lake. In no time the squaws and children quickly disappeared into the surrounding forest on the first alarm, melting into its chequer-

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Chief Kwah's monument erected at the outlet to Stuart Lake

A True Story

From Dark 'till Dawn



A true story of a battle with the Indians which took place at the turn of the century — as told me by one of Cariboo's old-timers who is now in his eighties, and who for obvious reasons would prefer to remain anonymous. — For the telling of this story I shall refer to them only as 'Bil' and 'Nan'.

Bill was a white man who had migrated to the Cariboo from the U.S.A. around the turn of the century. His wife, Nan, had a bit of Indian blood in her veins, and understood the Indian mentality as only one with Indian blood in their veins possibly could. She was a true and faithful companion to Bill, who was more or less a jack-of-all-trades, and, who as did most settlers, spent the better part of each winter in trapping.

In those days there were no Registered traplines, but every trapper had his own 'line' and it was generally respected by the other trappers.

Though there was considerable jealousy among the Indians where the white man was considered, they had, since the swift retribution following the Waddington Massacre, behaved themselves pretty well - fearing greatly the white man's 'justice'.

Bill owned a bit of land in the vicinity of Soda Creek, which was his home. From this centre he worked at various occupations during the summer months, when he wasn't busy on his trap-line which was a very good line located in Beaver Valley, a line much better than that held by any of the Indians in the surrounding district, which fact made the Indians envious of all that Bill possessed. . . .

In the fall of 1903 Bill and his wife prepared to go out on the line and string out the traps, Nan was more than an ordinary wife she was also

Bill's trapping partner, and enjoyed the outdoors above all else.... On this trip, about the middle of November, which was more of a tour of inspection than a case of getting down to the serious business, they loaded all the supplies and traps that their two horses could carry and were soon bound for Beaver Valley. Enroute, they overtook six Indians from the Soda Creek Rancherie. Bill asked them where they were going, and received the reply that they were going to Beaver Valley to trap.... To say that he was surprised, would be putting it mildly. All the Indians in the district knew that Beaver Valley was Bill's line, and Bill knew that they knew, and was at a loss to explain their forwardness in declaring to him, quite calmly, that they were going to trap, on his line... It didn't look good, but it wasn't anything to worry about, he decided. And so he reprimanded them harshly and warned them off his line and rode on...

As the horses plodded on Nan said to Bill, "I believe those Indians are going to give us trouble before we are through with them. They don't like you anyway."

Bill shrugged, replying, "Oh we'll take care of them, if they try to start anything. Personally I don't think they've got guts enough." They rode on in silence, hoping to spot a deer, or other game. It was customary in those days

for all settlers to shoot their game as and when they required it, without too much regard to game laws. To this end Nan always carried a 30-30, with which she was a better shot than Bill, while Bill usually carried a .22 for small game, particularly grouse. Presently, Nan raised a cautioning arm and brought her horse to a stop, then lifting her 30-30 out of its saddle scabbard took quick aim, and fired into the brush off to the left.... They were in luck. It was a nice two point buck, and she had drilled it through the head. They cleaned and quartered it, and took along a quarter, hanging the rest up in a tree to be retrieved later.

Presently they came to Beaver Valley and their trapping grounds, and there was sign of ample game, and also a great deal of Otter sign. Bill did not like the Otter, as they molested his Beaver and Muskrat. In short order he set out several otter-sets, and a few mink traps.... While Bill busied himself thusly, Nan kept scrutinizing the ground for a sign of the Indians, but apparently they had made a detour around the valley. Though they were not to be seen, nor were their tracks, they were uppermost in Nan's mind, and she expressed her misgivings to Bill.

"Oh forget them," said Bill. "They're not likely to bother us."

Nan, however, was not so easily assured, and told him that he did not know the Indians and their ways, as she did, and that to 'Forget them' might be folly.

They pushed on, hoping to make the cabin before dark, at which point Bill had also prepared feed for the horses. It was not to be, however, for they had set out more traps, and cut

by Ed Bobb

more trail, and time had passed more quickly than they had realized. Before they were aware of it twilight, followed quickly, by nightfall, as it does in the northcountry in the winter months, had fallen. It began to intermittently rain and snow, and not even a star showed to guide them.

It was useless to try to push on, so they decided to camp in a little clearing which they found beside the creek, at the edge of which stood a big fir tree the branches of which offered a degree of protection. Hobbling their horses they turned them loose in a small clearing adjoining the one at which they were camped. Their long ride and work in the cold crisp air had whetted their appetites, and they looked forward to eating a juicy venison roast, and soon had a nice camp-fire going beneath the big tree, just far enough away from the trunk to allow them sleeping room between the fire and the tree.

They soon had the venison roasting in the good old camp style (this is done by sharpening both ends of a four or five foot green stick, sticking one end in the ground near the fire, with the venison speared on the other end, and slowly turning the meat, and sprinkling it with salt occasionally until it is done- I have cooked venison in this manner many times and can assure the reader that it has a delic-

ious flavour all its own.)

Following their meal, Bill, who was a confirmed smoker settled himself back against the trunk of the tree, reached for his old brier, filled it with some loose tobacco from his pocket and was enjoying a good smoke, as only one can after a good meal. While Nan started to prepare the bed with some boughs cut from a nearby fir tree when the battle started....

A shot rang out which electrified both of them into action.... Bill's pipe went hurtling away into the brush.

"The son's of b....s!" exclaimed Bill "They shot my pipe right out of my mouth!" He looked around hurriedly.

"Where's the 30-30? I'll show the buggers! They can't get away with this."

At this point Nan took in the situation. She grabbed the carbine and kicked out the fire all in one motion, shouting at the same time for Bill to get behind the tree - the shot having come from the left.

"It's you they are after. They won't shoot me," she said softly, motioning him behind the tree again. "They're on the knoll up there," she said taking aim and sending a shot crashing in the direction from which the shot had come.

The fire had by this time died to a few glowing embers, and Nan crept

over to Bill beside the tree. "I think I get that one," she whispered..... "I hear brush move and noise like someone fall."

"Too bad," said Bill. "But we have a right to protect ourselves. Here, get behind the tree, and give me that rifle. I'll sneak up on them. He reached for the gun, but Nan refused to give it up, and insisted that Bill remain behind the tree.

Nan was right, Bill realized. They were after him, not her. They had shot at him but only managed to knock the pipe out of his mouth. But they hadn't taken a shot at Nan - yet. He decided that prudence was the better part of valour and remained behind his tree, while Nan kept shooting every time she heard a twig snap or the rustle of brush in the black impenetrable forest. Time after time her rifle crashed out, shattering the tense silence, and Nan kept moving about shifting her position so those that had ambushed them would not hit her if they shot at the flash of the gun, for she was none too sure that they would not shoot at her - even if they knew it was she who was doing the shooting - which they couldn't know, for it was too dark for them to see.

Having killed, or wounded, one Indian already, but there were five more skulking somewhere off in the

continued on page 84

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"THE ONLY WAY TO WIN THE DAY — IS TO KEEP SMILING"

Why Those 'Wring - Offs'



The first twenty five sets held nought but Red Squirrels, Flying Squirrels and two bush rats. I hurled obscene curses at the Flyers and Pack Rats and tossed them away into the snow. But the Reds were grist to the mill so they were stowed away into the pack sack. Frozen solid of course. The spruce timber thickened where the Line curved down from the hill to drop sharply into the creek bottom itself and now business began to pick up. The next set came into view when I was yet fifty yards away from it and I knew that the weasel, dangling down from the tree a foot and a half above snow line, was a big fellow indeed. On reaching the set he turned out to be a Long Tail, a Giant, worth Five bucks of any Fur Buyer's money.

Let's see now. Twenty six sets tended. Fourteen Red Squirrel and one Giant weasel. Hum, figuring the Squirrel at Ninety cents apiece and the weasel at Five Dollars (This was in the fabulous Fur Season 1946-47) those twenty six sets had earned me Seventeen dollars and sixty cents. Well, I had only left the cabin an hour ago and Seventeen dollars an hour is pretty fair wages in any man's business-- especially in view of the fact that those first sets had followed a hogs back seldom used by weasel, never by Mink. I had the hogs back covered for the simple reason that from the time I leave the cabin in the morning

until tossing off my mitts at night I am unhappy unless I am looking at traps. Any time a Registered Trapper travels fifteen minutes without looking at a set of some kind or description he's losing money at the game. Least that's the way I've got it figured.

But we're into the spruce thickets now and any time you are running through a heavy stand of spruce-- well, you can hold your breath and look for most anything that your scent will coax up the tree out to the end of the pole. For instance, that track there. A Mink, coming down off the mountain where he's filled his belly on Red Squirrels or Fool Hens. You won't see much of his tracks on top because he'll range under windfalls most of the time but now that he's hit the creek he'll follow the ice up to the rat marshes and take to the water through the top of a rat house. Brother he's got a lot of temptation ahead of him before he reaches that marsh. Sometimes they are smart and the Devil can't tempt them but to-day I'll wager a dollar bill against your two bit piece I'll have that Mink hanging in a trap before the last set is tended.

A sloping spruce tree overhanging the creek, one of the best sets these

funny old woods ever tossed into a Registered Trappers lap. See where the Mink winded the drag on the roots of the tree? See where he started for the creek then thought better of it and came back for another squint at the set up? See where this time he shined up the bark and followed the drag out to the end of the pole? Yes, and see that Flying Squirrel hanging in the trap? Godam the Flying Squirrels any way! Years ago we would have cursed the Flying Squirrel, cursed the Mink, cursed the game in general and gone back home in a huff but we've got over that foolishness now. So we chuck the Flyer away, re-set and move along. The mink has gone back to the ice. The spruce tongues out, cotton wood takes its place. A half acre pot hole of water, six rat houses pushing their domes up above the snow. Our mink swings from the creek for the purpose of investigating those rat houses, but whoa there! See where his tracks turn. See where the old rascal (we can tell from his tracks he's a big 'un) hits straight for yonder dead cottonwood tree as a brook trout hits for a 'hoper? Now, see what I'm getting at? For we've a set four feet up that stump and every inch of the rough bark (you'll never get a mink up a green cottonwood) betwixt snow-line and pole is daubed with generous splatters of scent. No, we can't smell it, but that mink, if the air be right, can wind it fifty

by Eric Collier

yards away. See where he circled the stump three times (these old mink aren't fools) before extreme curiosity finally undermined his natural animal caution? And then he could stand it no longer. Up that bark he dragged himself, out to the end of the pole. That's where he met his Waterloo.

An extra large mink would stretch 22 inches from tip of nose to butt of tail. We've fleshed a lot of mink skins in our time and we know that this one will go 26 inches down the board. Fine silky fur, black as a knob of polished coal. If Paul C. Mehmel, of the Hudson's Bay Company, doesn't give us fifty bucks for this fellow, he'll get no more fur from Eric Collier. (He gave us sixty-five)

Come noon and we've lost all track of the Reds, but another mink has allowed the drag to undermine its better discretion, and we must have half a dozen weasel tucked down in the sack. Lord knows how many bucks worth of fur the Flyers have gyped us out of, but there is nothing we can do about that so why discuss it? By night we've tended ninety-five No. 1 traps, and those two packsacks feel loaded with lead. Don't let's belly-eche about that though! Instead, suppose we dump them out on the floor of the shack and separate the wheat from the chaff. Two extra large mink, one small ditto. Two giant weasel, and five

short tails — plus fifty three Red Squirrel. Deep within our hearts we have a pretty fair idea of what this lot is worth, but because we derive a certain amount of satisfaction by so doing, let us check with Paul C. Mehmel's latest spot of information. The mink will bring at least one hundred and thirty-five dollars (God and the fur market being willing), the weasel



"— a dry stump — that's where the big mink met his Waterloo."

should average three bucks per pelt, and the Red Squirrel ninety cents. To avoid messing with fractions let's figure the day's catch at two hundred dollars even. There's gold in that spruce timber if you know how to mine it.

Since the ballots on the shooting of Muskrat, Squirrel and Beaver began to come back to the B. C. Registered Trappers Association, they have carried with them, through personal letters, stories of fur destroyed by shrews wring-offs, frozen up sets and a score of other complaints all of which leave the reader with one certain, definite taste:— thousands of dollars worth of fur are being lost to the trappers through faulty methods of trapping. Now, now, please don't get sore at me, because the cheque I receive from Cariboo Digest for writing this article is peanuts compared to the money *you'll* save if you read this article through to the bitter end, and try for yourselves the set which I am about to describe. There's not much in this for me, but I conscientiously believe there is a lot in it for you, and in view of the fact that the B.C. Registered Trappers Association was primarily designed as an instrument whereby the lot of Trappers all over the Province might perhaps be bettered, let's deal with a few simple but important facts concerning the Tree-set.

The old-timers will toss this article

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A good scent — a good set, and that's all there is to it.



The pole set - note how covering has blown off trap.

aside (or will they?), and snort, "Pre-historic stuff! We were doing this a-way back when you were going to kindergarten." — But for every old-timer in the game, there's another just starting into the business, and it is this latter class of trapper to whom we are directing these words. And because we have been at the game a good many years ourselves, and because we have vivid and unpleasant recollections of those early days of stumbling, wasted effort we believe the diligent newcomer at the business will studiously peruse the text, put its message into effect, and perhaps in later years bless the day he read it.

We have on our files a prodigious number of letters from trappers who complain of the fact that when trapping for Red Squirrel fifty percent of the squirrel caught either wring off or are destroyed by shrews. Pardon my abruptness, but why trap for Red Squirrel (or most of the short-haired fur for that matter) on the ground in the first place. The proposition just isn't economically sound. On our own line we figure on perhaps one wring-off to every ten or fifteen red squirrel which get into the traps (and we can't stop them getting in). In 1946 - 47, out of some nineteen or twenty mink trapped, only one got away, and that was due to carelessness on our own part. I know absolutely nothing about Marten, but common sense tells me that if you can coax a mink up a tree there's no doubt about Marten. Trappers are writing of the large number of damaged pelts they get when trapping for Red Squirrel (hence the op-

position to banning the use of the .22) Last year about eleven hundred Red Squirrel blundered into our traps, and about one thousand of these were clean undamaged pelts bringing a little better than top price as quoted at the auctions.

The fur trade will, as a rule, always handle and be prepared to pay more for perfect undamaged pelts of any fur-bearer. One bullet hole through

the pelt of a Red Squirrel (unless it be through the head) will definitely depreciate the value of that pelt. Why lose three to five cents per pelt when it is so simple to ship skins which no Fur Buyer can dig up an excuse for cutting on you?

The primary advantages of the tree-set are — (1) You can handle twice as many traps in a day than you can continued on page 82



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BRITISH COLUMBIA

Agriculture in the PEACE

continued from page 5

has been done in the past. The first white settler came here in 1911. There were Hudson Bay factors, trappers, etc., before that date, but Hector Tremblay was the first white man to settle here, taking up land near what is now the village of Pouce Coupe. Owing to transportation difficulties, settlement was slow until after the first World War. A few adventurous spirits walked over the Edson Trail and others came in by way of Athabasca and Grouard. Settlement on a farming scale is only about twenty-five years old, but today this district leads the whole of British Columbia in the production of grain, as the following table, taken from the Annual Report of the Department of Agriculture for 1944, will show:

	Threshers and Combines	bushels Spring Wheat	bushels Winter Wheat	bushels Oats	bushels Barley	bushel Rye	bushels Flax
Prov. total .	400	958,416	69,543	2,457,146	374,146	4,608	28,939
P.R. Block .	116	746,164	3,120	1,669,468	203,380	300	27,991
Peace River per cent		77.85	4.5	68	54.4	6.5	93.6

This shows an average of over 68% of above grains were grown in the PEACE RIVER DISTRICT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The figures for the whole of the Peace River area, including the

Alberta section, are not at hand at time of writing, but twenty million bushels of grain would be a very conservative estimate.

When we consider the size of the Peace River country in comparison



Harvest time in the 'Peace,

with the Province of British Columbia, some idea of its potentialities can be visualized. The whole province covers 372,630 square miles. According to F. H. Kitto (The Peace River Country), the area which by reason of geographic and economic conditions can be classified as Peace River Country covers 145,000 square miles (this includes the Alberta and B.C. sections). This may mean much or little, according to the amount suitable for agriculture.

continued on page 80

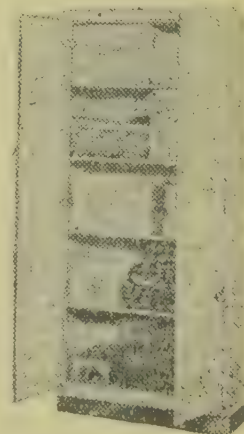
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Verse « «



THE OLD MEN:

They sit and talk of the future:
The old men stooped and gray.
They think the thoughts their fathers
thought,
They walk in their fathers' way.

The future to them is a terrible
thing,
With hate they revile new schemes;
They walk in the paths their
fathers walked,
They dream their fathers' dreams.

The future looms like a glorious
dawn,
But the old men shrug and pass it
on;
The future beckons like maiden
fair,
But the old men shrink within their
lair.

"Fling us the torch," the young men
shout,
But the old men's curses rip the sky:
"We'll hold things down until we
die.
Don't take from us our age-long
right."

So the world must wait in poverty
"Till the last old man has passed,
"Till they garner all to their withered
veins,
"Till they sink in a vast morass.

Oh, life is sweet to these old, old
men,
With their stagnant plans and their
dividends.
They give no hope for the broader
plan,
Grasping, scheming, mean old men.

F. W. Lindsay

NUDIST PARTY

Johnny Spud came into the kitchen
And his eyes grew wide and
round,
For there, on a snow-white table,
This is what he found:

Mr. Turnip had shed his britches;
He was fat and stark and bald.
Miss Carrot's dress had been re-
moved—
Quite nekked she'd be called!

Old Parsnip, much to Spud's sur-
prise,
Had shed his wrinkled hide,
And to Spud's very startled eyes
He looked quite young inside.

Tomato bled. She, too, was peeled,

And looked a gory mess.
Miss Onion shone with pristine
gleam—
She'd shed her dingy dress.

Young Johnny threw his jacket off
When this strange sight he'd
viewed.

He joined the gang without a pang
And proceeded to get stewed!

Peg Deeder.

Francois Lake, B.C.,

RETURN

Look, Jack, there's old Ben Lawson!

Thought he'd gone away
To live in ease and comfort
In that city on the Bay.

D'ye mind he said, that Sunday,
That he was pulling out,
And never would come back again.

No sir, without a doubt!
Tired, he was, of bush-life,
Of camps, and cold, and snow.

He'd saved enough to live on,
So southwards he would go.
"Good-bye, you boys," that's what

he said,
"Good-bye, I'm off at last,
From now on I'll just loaf and play,
My working days are past."

And sure enough he went. I never
thought
We'd see him here again.

But there he is—let's give a call:
Hey you! Hi there, you Ben!

Hi Ben, you walrus-moustached
wolf,
What happened you came back?

Come, sit right down on this here
log,
And talk—you, me, and Jack.

* * * * *

Well, Sam, I guess you're startled
some

To see me back up here,
But I got such a hankering
(Maybe you'll think it queer

But so I did) to slog once more
Along that switchback train,
And smell the balsam and the

spruce,
And hear your stories stale,
That I packed up a bit of stuff,

Set out, and here I am,
Figuring on a month or so,
If you will have me, Sam.

Just want to stay around a while,
Then back again I'll go,
Content to lead my lazy life,
I'm getting old and slow.
I've got a cottage by the sea,
Four rooms all snug and neat,
A bit of garden and a lawn,
The climate can't be beat.
Still, for this while, I had to come,
Sure, that's my same old pack,
Let's start up the old trail to camp.
Ha; but it's good to be back!

Emelene Thomas.

THE PROSPECTOR

"Gold!" he cried, "My love for aye,
My Star of Night my Sun by Day!
Luring me to that Promised Land
Of gravelled bank and rich black
sand,
Of ancient rocks with veins seamed
o'er,
Treasure laid by the gods of yore.

"Gold! Bright Goddess! She draws
me on
Through evening's hush and rosy
dawn.
Slyly she leaves her pattern
To spur the laggard heart of man.
Dreaming of her in the silent night,
I hear her call from the mountain's
height;

"Or where the river sweeps along,
She whispers, my love, her siren
song,

"Gold," and the dun rocks echo
"Gold!"

'Love lies waiting for lover bold.
Follow on, follow on to the hidden
deeps,
Hail to the brave who harvest
reaps.'

"The seasons come, the seasons go,
And still one only love I know.
With rimmed pan, my long-tried
friend,

I'll woo her to the journey's end,
For sweet she sings as in days of
old,

And eager I answer the cry of
'Gold!'"

E.A.T

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QUESNEL, British Columbia



"The Universal Enemy" Fires devour in minutes the forest growth of hundreds of years.

— courtesy Economics Division, B.C. Forest Service

FAIR DAYS and PERILOUS

by H. B. BINNEY

It has been truly said of the eminent Botanist, Ernest H. Wilson, that he "was on speaking terms with all the trees of the world" and David Thoreau mentions having "frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beach-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the pines." These two very fine gentlemen - and they are, no doubt, but two in a goodly company - extended their interest in and their affection for trees to about the limit. The implication of amazing knowledge in the first case and of tremendous physical energy in the second points to a standard of zeal not eas-

ily attained.

It is demonstrable that neither Thoreau nor Wilson derived any great pecuniary satisfaction from their delight in trees as do the vast majority of us. Bread, we prefer, to beauty and firewood to fantasy. The scent of Balsam, "like a wind out of fairy land", is of less account than the amount of pulp the Balsam will supply. But it scarcely matters why we are interested in our trees and forests; it merely remains that we should be, for they are both profitable and full of unexpected lore.

Many of the pleasures of the forests are quite imponderable. We cannot

measure on any known scale their value as sanctuaries for game nor the particular joy they afford to those who stroll or rest under their kindest shade. As things of great beauty and peacefulness upon which "our wandering eyes may pause" no man can calculate their worth.

On the other hand, a great deal more is known than is appreciated about such matters as a single tree's contribution to water conservation or erosion control or the effectiveness of a shelterbelt on winds of any strength or the lumber content of a quarter-section of Spruce and Pine.

And so, knowing as we do that nothing that is worthwhile on this earth is obtained save in exchange, what is it that the trees and forests ask of us in return for everything they give?

Not so very long ago a friend of mine who lives in Victoria, Australia, wrote in a letter:- In Ballarat Botanical Gardens there grows a fine 'Douglas Fir' with a diameter of approximately four feet. There it stands, a monarch among trees, straight as a candle, and as I go by, occasionally I wonder if it is homesick in this strange land of little snow.

That Douglas Fir, if we concede to it sufficient sensibility to feel lonesome, must also realize that it has, within the security of the Botanical Gardens, that which the wild millions of this kind in this Province and elsewhere require of us in return for all they give.

That is protection.

The ideal or, more technically, "Normal" Forest is so regulated that its yield is sustained no matter what the

product. The increment equals the cut and no area is idle. Natural or artificial reforestation follows utilization with a scientifically selected and applied period of rotation regulating all activities. But such a Forest, unfortunately, does not exist except, possibly, in respect of very short rotations for fence posts or Christmas Trees and probably, also, in respect of the Pine plantations of the Deep South where Longleaf, Slash, Shortleaf and Loblolly Pines are used and the plantations of imported Monterey Pine in Australia. Of the forests of other countries those of Scandinavia and, formerly, German most closely approached Normalcy.

It is comparatively simple to plant trees and it is comparatively simple to log them; it is during the period between the seedling stage and maturity that the foes of the forest appear. And it is against these foes that the forest calls for protection.

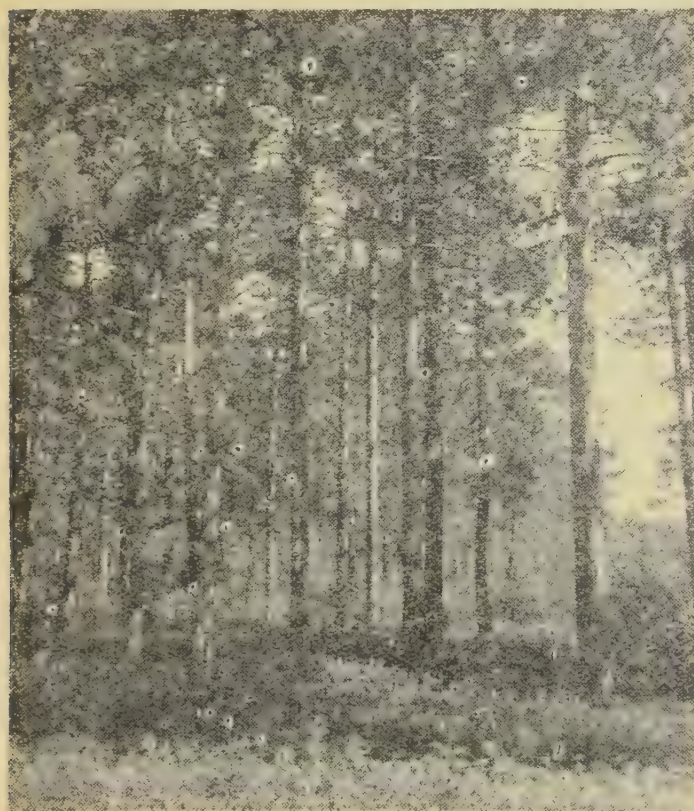
Undoubtedly, the worst enemies that prevent our trees from successfully

traversing the road between the first (Fig: 1) and the last (Fig: 2) stages in their existence are Fire and Insect Attack.

The period during 1947 in which these arch-enemies will once more be on the march is approaching rapidly. With its customary precision the law of British Columbia has fixed the First Day of May as the first Day of Danger.

That official protective agencies do exist cannot be denied. The Dominion Entomological Laboratory, located at Vernon, is concerned with the Insect situation and is assisted to a greater or lesser degree by the British Columbia Forest Service. This latter body which is, in reality, much more like a skeleton, is responsible for the detection and suppression of forest fires.

In the realm of fire detection, careful study has evolved the fact that the limit of reliable visibility from a Look-out Tower is fifteen miles. Our British Columbia Forest Service, assuming that all its Towers have unrestricted



"Reforestation" Red Pine, -*Pinus Resinosa*- plantation in "Reforestation" Two-year-old Douglas Fir awaiting trans-
Quebec. —courtesy Cine-Photography Service of the plantation at the 'Green Timbers' Nursery, New Westmin-
Province of Quebec ster, B.C. —courtesy Economics Div. B.C. Forest Service

views in all directions which they definitely do not, has Lookout coverage approximating one fourteenth of the forested areas. Even some of this meagre coverage is wasted on open districts, lakes and cities; doubtless unintentionally but, nevertheless, reducing the forest area thus protected even more. Further and in my own personal experience in the Prince George District, it seems that anything approaching regular patrol for detection purposes by air is quite unthinkable. This is apparently on the grounds of expense but such considerations have not prevented days of flying reconnaissance in the interest of mapping our rapidly waning forest resources! It would almost seem that assessing rather than preventing damage is preferred.

When the "Operations" or Protection division of the Forest Service is in full swing, one man has just about half a million acres to take care of on the Province-wide average or about twenty three times as much as a similar man



*"Defoliation" The work of 'Spruce Budworms' on Douglas Fir in southern B.C.
— courtesy Economics Div., B.C. Forest Service*

in the United States.

However, it is not our present purpose to catalogue or investigate the

many deficiencies which render the protective function of the Forest Service continued on page 76

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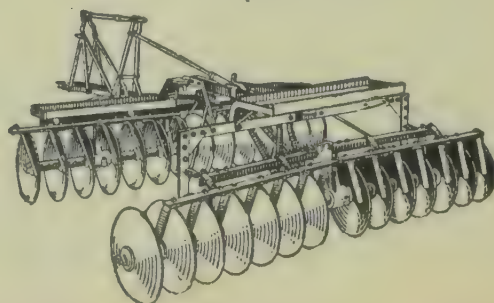
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Grizzled Monarch of B. C.'s Mountains



dy E. WHATCOTT

The hushed sobriety of autumn settled its crown of purple and gold on the green brow of summer. The days grew short and the nights cold. High in the Rocky Mountains, and throughout B.C.'s great northland, the grizzly bears eyed warily the fringe on their mountain lakes, the threatening snow clouds, and retreated—not to the warmth of the friendly forest—but to their rock caves, dens and burrows, high on the windswept slopes, where, now that winter is upon them they sleep.

Perhaps, as they slumber, they laugh at the raging of the elements, the malicious swirling of the snow flakes about them, for they are snug and cosy. Their coat is warm and protects them from winter's cutting blasts.

It is this coat, due to its characteristically grizzled appearance, that has given these animals—the largest and most powerful in the world—their name “grizzly bear” or “Silvertips.”

As early as 1691 these ferocious beasts were known to inhabit Canada, but it was not until the year 1857, when Captain Pallisade's expedition crossed the prairies, that they were seen in any great numbers. By this date, however, the great herds of buffalo on which they depended principally for food at that time, were rapidly dwindling and it was not long before these great shaggy bears disappeared too, leaving only a few of their numbers to roam the western plains. Some found a safe retreat in our Canadian mountains.

At one time grizzlies were in-different beasts, fearless and arrogant, rulers of their wide domain; but as white man's rifle replaced

the primitive bow and arrow, their native intelligence forced them to realize that man had the advantage over them. Soon they became shy and retiring, avoiding, whenever possible, any contact with him. At the slightest noise they will lumber away, and the speed with which these bulky creatures move is really amazing.

This quick retreat does not mean that old silvertips is a coward; or that he has lost his claim to the respect of even the greatest of hunters. Far from it! A surprised or cornered grizzly bear is still a very dangerous animal and many specific attacks are known of, where there has been unprovoked attacks on man by old females with cubs, also of many charges made by wounded animals. An angry bear can carry a lot of lead, and even a heart shot may not stop a charging beast in time.

The chances are that the hunter will not be charged, that even a wounded animal will flee, but alas—even as human beings—no two bears can be counted upon to do exactly the same thing at the same time. It is this element—the one chance—that four hundred to one thousand pounds of roaring fury will have to be stopped, that gives grizzly hunting a thrill that can be equalled by no other upon this continent.

Game laws limit the kill annually, thus preserving what has proved to be an asset financially, each hunt involving many hundreds of tourist dollars for guides, pack horses, licenses, food, railroad fares, etc.

Then, too, their hide makes a beautiful and much sought after trophy with its silver frosting on the dull brown hide and the long ivory claws projecting from the darker paws. Most people think these claws, which are long, proportionately slender, and slightly curved, are their most distinctive feature.

A full-grown male bear is usually about seven and one-half feet long and stands from three to three and one-half feet high at the shoulder. Females are slightly smaller. Their profile is markedly concave. Their tail is but two inches in length. A short man overlays their prominently humped shoulders.

It is during their period of hibernation that the cubs are born, usually from one to four in number. They are small, naked and undeveloped, blind for several weeks, and unable to walk until they are two months old. For the first summer they go about with their mother and den again with her the following winter. The next summer they are driven off to fend for



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GRIZZLED MONARCH OF B.C.'S MOUNTAINS

themselves. At ten years of age they are considered full grown, and have a natural life expectancy of between thirty to forty years.

Once spotted, the grizzly is not a hard animal to stalk, provided the hunter goes carefully and watches the direction of the wind. If he is feeding, he is usually pretty well absorbed in the business at hand. His sense of hearing is good; his nose incredibly keen; but his eyes are poor, so poor in fact, that they can be almost disregarded. And he seems to see that which is directly ahead only.

During the summer, his favorite pastime is to lie spread-eagled on the sun-baked rocks, but he does not linger for very long at a time. He is a restless animal and must keep moving. Due to his one-time carnivorous nature, he is not exactly welcome in the sheep and cattle country, but now he is more vegetarian than flesh eater and subsists the greater part of the year on roots, bulbs and berries. He eats ants wholesale, and the odd salmon tickles his palate when available.

When a more fortifying diet is

required for his winter-long sojourn, he ploughs the ground squirrels from their burrows, and when gophers become scarce and the marmot wary, he goes mouse hunting.

The adult bear is usually solitary in his habits, but parties of from four to eight have been seen, the object of these brief and curious companionships as yet unknown to man.

In fighting amongst themselves, they do not hug nor clinch, instead they strike at each other with their huge forepaws, using their teeth and claws as they need them. During the battle they snort loudly and emit high-pitched nasal whines.

Hunters the world over regard old silvertips as a grand animal, a game and gallant fighter, king of the mountains and the fiercest and most dangerous of all the larger predators.

But soon the long winter will be over. There will be a brilliant burst of sunshine and all nature will purr to life under its warmth. Birds will break into song. The grizzly bears will emerge slowly from their dens, from their rock caves, and burrows. They will stretch luxuriously. It will be spring again!

CARIBOO SKY PILOT

continued from page 4

Pilot determined to do open-air work after this experience. He left town that night.

Arriving in Clinton, feeling very tired after walking all day in the hot sun, Mr. Ellis decided to take a room for the night, as he had a little money left. He was able to secure a room on the ground floor of a Chinese hotel. After his meal, taking the banjo to the centre of the town, he commenced a one-man street meeting. Windows were thrown up and heads were thrust out. A street meeting was a novelty in town. And the village was receptive; but the reception was out of the ordinary. Upon re-

tiring to his room, the people opened the door and began to pelt him with rubbish from the street. This reception was fitting during those early, hectic days. A street meeting in Clinton today would not produce the same result. At least, I surmise so.

At Williams Lake the Sky Pilot found a large crowd assembled. Just previous to his arrival a fire had destroyed the store, hotel and post office. Two young men had been burned to death while attempting to rescue the mail. People stood around the smoking embers in crowds. Almost the entire population of the town and many people from the surrounding territory were on hand. Standing in the midst of the debris, the Sky Pilot of Cariboo preached to the

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people concerning the uncertainty of life. No doubt oldtimers who read this biography will remember the incident.

Leaving Williams Lake, the Cariboo Sky Pilot journeyed northward, stopping at interesting places off the beaten track, and covering the terrain between Lillooet and Quesnel on foot. Walking several miles each day, he would give out literature. During the evenings, whenever an opportunity presented itself in the form of an individual or a crowd, the Sky Pilot would sing with the accompaniment of his banjo and preach open-air style. As I have already stated, he covered 40 miles on foot during his trip up through the Cariboo. No soft-collared, easy-cushioned job that, if you ask me. Most ministers

would faint at the thought of such a herculean task today. But not so the Cariboo Sky Pilot. He had the grit and determination necessary for the job. Pioneers are always needed, whether in the grocery business or the ministry, then the soft-collared boys follow.

One night Mr. Ellis took refuge from the rain in a hay loft. The horses and cattle were munching around the foot of the stack; the sheep made a continual bleating throughout the entire night. Large swarms of mosquitoes were a great distraction, but the Sky Pilot could take it. Rain, frost, snow blistered feet, heat, mosquitoes and hunger were experienced by this intrepid traveller. Few people living today there are who have walked on foot up through the Cariboo hinterland. Perhaps one could count them on his two hands.

Arriving in Quesnel dog-tired and hungry, he was advised not to make the trip to Prince George. "The camps are closing and the men are leaving," he was told. But he determined to reach Prince George before returning south. He set out on foot. His meals consisted of rice and wild berries. Rice made an excellent first course meal and wild berries a good dessert; this procedure saved excess weight to pack on the journey. Before covering half the distance, however, one of his feet gave out. Mr. Ellis wrote: "I had been carrying my pack for many miles daily, and with little warning the arch of my left foot began to ache and gave out, until I could only hobble a mile in a day, and that in much pain." He flagged the boat that was running upriver (Fraser River) and two days later arrived in Prince George.

The Cariboo Sky Pilot preached, sang and distributed literature in Prince George. Then, feeling he had better replenish the treasury, he hired out as a section hand and was shipped out with a motley crew to Martin Lake, west of town. He worked on the section by day and memorized Scripture verses and hymns during the evenings. He committed over one hundred hymns

to memory out of the Sankey hymnal, beside singing and preaching to the section gang.

The weather began to change and with the approach of frosty nights the Sky Pilot began to contemplate his return journey south. He was made to realize, however, that the Grand Trunk (now C.N.R.) held back two weeks and paid once a month. This delay meant a wait of one month and a half before he would receive his first pay cheque. He had insufficient clothes and blankets for the winter, and he was short five dollars of his fare to the Coast. A French Catholic offered

to loan him the necessary funds. He was very grateful for the kind offer; he decided, however, to "owe no man anything," and he determined to walk part of the way to Vancouver. He did. The trip between Prince George and Quesnel was taken on foot. This trip was accomplished in three days, mostly in the rain. His feet were blistered by sand working into wet boots.

Mr. Ellis stated: "The railroad bed had been graded from Prince George to Quesnel, but the rails were not yet laid. This grade made a good, level road. On the whole,

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Editorial continued from page 3

materially benefit all phases of Cariboo industry, including the tourist business, would be to pave the Cariboo Highway through to Prince George, in order that the cattlemen might have the alternative of shipping their cattle out by truck to Ashcroft, and thence by rail to Vancouver.

P.G.E. OPPOSITION

Cariboo Cattlemen don't know the meaning of the word quit! They would n't be producing 20,000 head of prime beef each year if they did. They will continue their fight with the P.G.E. One thing is certain, however, and that is that whatever move they make they are certain to be opposed by the P.G.E. This has been adequately demonstrated during 1946, as has also the fact that cattle can be shipped more economically via truck and the Ashcroft route than by P.G.E., when cattlemen of south Cariboo (Clinton) district became fed-up with the bic-

tatorial attitude of the P.G.E. in regard to how, where, when, how many cars, how long a wait-over at Squamish, etc. they were going to be allowed (or handed out) in regard to their cattle shipments.

CATTLE BY TRUCK

In sheer desperation last year, the cattlemen turned to the ruckers — The P.G.E. heatedly opposed the granting of trucking licenses to haul cattle. Pressure was brought to bear on both sides, but finally the cattlemen and the truckers won out, and Boyd Brothers of Clinton ended up by hauling virtually every steer that was shipped out of the Clinton district during 1946.

Over 2,000 head were delivered to the C.P.R. stockyards at Ashcroft for shipment on to Vancouver. Cattlemen reported that the saving per head in shipping via truck and the C.P.R. amounts to \$5.00 per head. — One shipper, in dickering with the P.G.E. over the number of cars he could have on

a certain date, was finally allowed the cars he wanted, on the date he wanted them, but was told flatly that his shipment of beef would be 'held-over' in Squamish for 48 hours because of the barge shortage — From this stand the railroad refused to budge — The cattleman finally lost his temper and decided to ship via truck, Ashcroft, and the C.P.R., even if he lost money — Net result — his cattle were butchered and hanging up in a Vancouver packing house 16 hours after being loaded into the truck, and the cattle man was richer by from 4 to 5 dollars per head than if he had shipped via the P.G.E.

The most northerly point from which cattle were shipped by truck during 1946 is 70 Mile House. There is no reason, however, why the improved roads, ranchers in the Williams Lake and Quesnel districts cannot ship their cattle via this route. If the Cariboo Highway were paved throughout its entire length to Prince George,

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Quesnel & Prince George, B. C.

there is little doubt but what 90 per cent of Cariboo cattle would find their way to market via the Ashcroft route — and it is our contention that one of the principal reasons that Cariboo roads are in such a neglected state is that the P.G.E. has had sufficient influence to keep them that way in order to safeguard its freight tonnage. *Only a concerted effort on the part of all residents of Cariboo and Northern B. C. will change the situation.*

Charity begins at Home

UNAVOIDABLY OMITTED! is the heading over many a paragraph in Daily Papers throughout Canada today. The essence of these items state, with variations, that the publishers "regret that we have been unable to publish a great many classified and display advertisements etc. owing to a serious shortage of newsprint due to newsprint rationing".

The facts of the matter are that in 1946 Canada produced *sixteen times* as much newsprint as it was allowed to use. Of the total 1946 production of newsprint of 4,143,392 tons, Canadians were *allowed* 247,077 tons, or 6 per cent.. Eighty percent of the output, or 3,354,644 tons, went to the United States, while the remaining 14 percent or 531,257 tons went to overseas markets.

Similarly, a curious state of affairs cropped up in the Fraser Valley in late February of this year. Despite the tremendous timber resources of B.C. and the fact that B.C. produces more lumber and lumber products, in dollars and cents value than any other commodity, egg producers in the Fraser Valley were forced to buy egg-crates from Alberta, or let their eggs pile up — B.C. mill operators and box manufacturers were too busy *exporting* their wares to see or bother with the local demand — and besides there was (and is) more money to be made elsewhere than in supplying the B.C. market.

If the facts were ever made public

(in anything but fine print) the public would readily see that 90 percent of our so-called shortages are not shortages at all, but are a government-sanctioned over-emphasis on exporting. Canada has, to put it mildly,, gone hog wild over the sky-high prices paid in foreign markets for her products, while Canadians hopelessly jingle their dollars in their pockets wondering when they are going to be *allowed* to buy.

THE OTHER EXTREME

On the other hand we find B.C. importing fuel to the tune of from 15 to 20 million dollars a year, primarily coal and oil — while vast resources and potential resources of these requirements remain untouched, and untried. The geology of the Peace River Bloc of B.C. indicates that there is every bit as much likelihood of striking oil there as in various proven fields in Alberta, while coal resources in the billions of tons are known to exist in northern B.C.. All that is needed to make British Columbia independent of these imports is *government action and*

initiative in providing means of transportation — and in easing the legislation governing the development of oil resources in B.C.

CLOSE TO HOME

Much closer to the large market of Vancouver and southern B.C., is the Telkwa coal field in the Bulkley Valley near Smithers, from which field over 160,000 tons of good grade coal have been taken in the past 15 years, chiefly to supply the market along the C.N.R. line between Prince Rupert and Prince George.

While B.C. imported from the U.S. some 840,000 tons of coal during 1946, Bulkley Valley Collieries (principal producers in this field) have had to restrict production to the local demand because of the prohibitive rail freight rates from that point to Vancouver — which necessitates backtracking east to the Alberta border, turning south at Jasper — all told over a thousand miles of expensive rail transportation

continued on page 31

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Canada's HIGHEST MINE



MINING men for many years have been aware of the rich mineral fields abounding in the Lillooet and Cariboo districts, and according to experts, this year will see more development in these fields than ever before. A feature prospect for 1947 is the Pellaire mine in the western Chilcotin area, which is the highest operating mine in the Dominion, being about 8,000 feet above sea level. It employs (at this early stage of development) about 25 men, and is approximately 160 miles from Williams Lake, the nearest rail-head.

Pellaire is operated by Quebec Gold, which company also operate the P.E. mine above the Pioneer in the Bridge River Valley.

"Rugged" is the word to use when referring to the Pellaire, for only hardy men can 'stick' the Alpine conditions and rough terrain, amply illustrated in the exclusive pictures on this page.

The top picture is a general view of the mine, which is north of the Taylor Windfall.

The centre picture is a close-up of the mine and shows its precarious position on the hump of a mountain. The bottom picture shows the road leading up to the camp site. The miner standing on the road gives a fair indication of the feats Pellaire roadmen had to perform to make the mine accessible. These shots were taken early last September. Early snow, and biting winds called a halt to operations for the winter.

As soon as weather conditions permit, the mine will reopen this spring, in the meantime mine manager Jack Scott and some members of the crew are wintering in Williams Lake.

In order to reach the mine, which was formerly known as the Hi-Do, it is necessary to travel over some of the toughest roads in the province - the Cariboo Road being a boulevard by comparison. Part of the route is a ten mile water haul and a great deal of the road from Hanceville west to the mine has been built by Quebec Gold. The provincial government has met half the cost of some of this construction, which has helped immeasurably in the development of one of B.C.'s newest and most promising prospects.

— courtesy Bridge River-Lillooet News



EDITORIAL, continued from p. 29

—while 200 miles to the west of Tel-lwa is Prince Rupert, one of Canada's finest year-round seaports. — Neither the government, nor the people's-own railroad, the C.N.R., have considered it a sufficiently worth while project to build coal bunkers at this port so that coastwise and deep-sea vessels might load coal there for southern B.C. and world markets. Yet if such bunkers were built, the bulk of the coal now being imported would be available from this source. — World markets alone (apart from the B.C. demand) would justify the construction of loading facilities — In recent months the Bulkley Valley Coleries have had to turn down orders from China, Argentina and elsewhere totalling over *one million tons* due to the non-existence of bunkers!

AN EXCELLENT INVESTMENT

Cost of such bunkers has been variously estimated at from 150 to 250 thousand dollars. . . Cost of coal imports are approximately \$5,000,000.00 per year. . . In view of the fact that it would take an investment of but 5 percent of the cost of our *annual coal imports*, and that it would provide employment for 1000 men or more in the face of growing unemployment, it is utterly ridiculous that such bunkers weren't constructed as soon as Van-

couver Island producers failed through dwindling reserves to meet the demand.

THOUGHTFUL LEGISLATION

Pressure put on by the Coast Poultry Breeder's Association brought on legislation which curtailed exports and insured the poultrymen sufficient egg crates for their needs — A little legislation of the right kind, and perhaps Canadians will be able to re-house the 60 percent of its population that is now living in slums, and outmoded dwellings — A little more thoughtful legislation dealing with newsprint compelling producers to sell at least 10 percent of their annual production in Canada, (if Canadian publishers are now 'getting by' on 6 percent, it ought not to take more than 10 percent to

satisfy the Canadian market) and our publishers would not have to put out 'skeleton' editions while our neighbouring publishers across the line waxed fat on Canadian-produced newsprint. — A little more thoughtful legislation (entailing a few expenditures — as in the case of the coal bunkers) and we could keep millions of Canadian dollars 'at home' and provide employment for hundreds of workers, which latter consideration is not to be slighted now that spectre of unemployment is once again looming up on the horizon. . . . In the words of Winston Churchill, "We cannot be 'blood-donnors' to the whole world" — while our own people do without. It is high time that our government realized that *'charity begins at home'*.

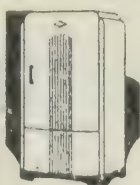
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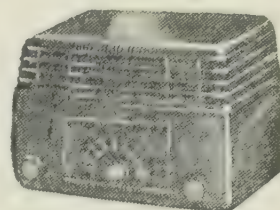
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Road building and Engineering

The minister of public works, the Hon. E. Carson, is reputed to have stated at a gathering in Clinton recently that of the 400 miles of new roads let out for construction by contract during the past ten years — *only 35 miles have been finished to date*, and if we are ever to get a paved road through to Prince George, it looks as though the only way to go about it is to have the Department of Public Works widen the existing road, and pave it themselves.

On the face of it, it would seem as though B.C. very badly needed a few construction companies specializing in road building. Mr. Carson has certainly

planted the impression that he does not think too highly of the abilities of the contractors at present engaged in constructing roads for the province.

CONTRACTOR'S VIEWPOINT

Before agreeing with Mr. Carson, let us look at the situation from the contractor's point of view, and find out just what slows up the road building projects.

Let us, for example, take the 10 mile stretch of new road that was to have been completed between the 88 and the 93 Mile Houses during, 1946. — When Mr. Carson (or whoever decides such matters) decided that this piece of road was to be re-built, the first thing that happened was that government engineers spent part of the summer of 1945 on the scene surveying the route of the new road, plotting curves, cuts and fills, and in driving their survey stakes all along the proposed route until it fairly bristled with survey markers. Later tenders were called for and construction companies sent in their engineers to 'look the ground over'. From the survey stakes and from data which the government engineers had compiled, they were able to make an estimate of the amount of work involved. — The prime fact to remember is that, from the data and specifications furnished by the government engineers, and from the position of, and the data recorded on the stakes, each of which indicates how many cubic yards of dirt or gravel are to be excavated or filled-in at that particular spot, the contractors estimate the cost, to them, of the proposed job, and bid accordingly. — *They feel satisfied that they can build the road according to government specifications - as indicated by the stakes - for a certain sum of money.* (in the case of the 88-93 Mile section, it was I believe, \$168,000)

Awarded the contract the firm goes to work clearing off the timber, bulldozing, making fills and cuts. Gradually the road takes shape, with the company engineer making careful and regular checks to see that all is progressing according to the stakes. Eventually a one mile stretch is ready for gravelling, and the contractor is beginning to feel that everything is coming along fine and that the cost will be

as he had estimated. — But just about this time a fly appears in the ointment — a government engineer shows up, looks the new piece of road over, corrects his transit, peers through it this way and that — *and calmly proceeds to move a few stakes, and change the notations on them.* A check with the company engineer reveals that everything had been 'alright', except that the government engineer had *changed his mind* — regardless of the fact that the work completed, was according to contract specifications, the contractor now has to take a foot off here, add two feet there, ease this curve more, and bank that corner — all of which add weeks of work and thousands of dollars to the cost of that particular mile of road — Time after time the government engineers return to check on the progress, which is as it should be, except that they invariably order minor, and sometimes major, changes, despite the fact that the work is progressing according to the original contract.

All told the contractor finds that he has expended the full sum of money involved in the contract when he is but only three-quarters or half finished with the job, and the project comes to a standstill. . . . The essential point to remember is that the road-building project, in such cases — which is the way nine-tenths of the 'contract' road work is done — remains partially completed and at a standstill because the Government *BROKE* the contract — by virtue of the fact that government engineers changed the specifications after the contract was let.

Thus, virtually all contract road-building jobs become COST-PLUS jobs. Mr. Carson many try to foist the

blame off onto the contractors, but it is obvious that his department is over-run with 'inefficiency' experts. If the engineers now in the employ of the Public Works Dept. are so bad as not to be able to lay out a road once and for all — without having to go back over their work again and again — it is about time Mr. Carson quit wasting the public's money by paying them fat salaries in order to create COST-PLUS jobs out of what would ordinarily be legitimate contracts. The new Pine Pass Highway, the Hope-Princeton road, and other road jobs are all suffering badly from the same disease — a severe case of "Engineeritus".

Whatever the reason behind the spread of this disease, whether it is due to inefficient engineers (which can easily be remedied), or whether it is something far worse and smellier such as a deliberate game of contract-breaking in order that contractors can make bigger profits (by the Cost-Plus method) we cannot say, but we *do* say that it is ONE or THE OTHER and that it is seriously slowing down B.C.'s road-building program and costing the public millions of dollars, and that it is high time that the public woke up to the fact and demanded its eradication.



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COMPOSITION versus COWS

by Peg Deeder

The God-given urge to express one's self through the written word has often been described as being neither curse nor blessing — mixed with cows, pigs, and chickens, it is apt to make life almost unbearable. — Editor's Note

I once knew a minister's wife who contributed to the family income by writing 'Helpful Hints', and 'Advice to Homemakers'. I don't believe I ever dropped in on her when she wasn't tapping out an article while the dishes waited in the sink. She had a woman come in occasionally, to mop and dust, and wash the windows. She sent her laundry out. Her husband, poor man, visited most frequently those parishioners whom he knew would provide him with a meal. Those chicken dinners in the country were practically all that sustained him. When we teased her about it, she used to grin and say, "Oh, I know how to do all the things I write about, but I can't keep house and write at the same time."

That's how it is with me. Writing is as necessary to me as food; but I have a hectic time trying to woo the Muses while hordes of spectres encroach from all directions at one and the same time. The spectres are the grim ones fashioned by a guilty conscience. While I try to work out the solution to a good mystery I have built up, I can't shut out the vision of hens panting for water; pigs wailing for their dinner; gaunt calves drooling and bawling for milk; sickly vegetables choked by weeds; a languishing family blighted by mal-nutrition. . . . Most frightful spectre of all is the gossipy lady who drops in to find my house untidy. So away flits the Muse, and away flit I to put everything to rights. Needless to say, when the spectres are banished the Muse is long gone from the vicinity.

Winter evenings would be a good time to write, if it were not for the cold. Sometimes I shut myself up in my room and really get going. The old mill clacks away at a great rate, and I am lathered with inspiration; but gradually my fingers become stiff and I start hitting all the wrong keys. I put on another sweater and wrap my feet in a blanket. My brain has grown as numb as my fingers by this time, so very soon I get up and make a dash for the living room fire. The radio is gong full blast, and everyone is warm and cozy but me. I get scant sympathy from my family. — "What's the sense of shutting yourself up in there to freeze?" — "Why don't you move your typewriter out here?" — I listen a moment to the thriller—diller on the radio and think of the tender love scene I left behind on the typewriter. I sigh through chattering teeth, and pick up my knitting, and spend the rest of the evening beside the fire.

So it goes. The middle of the night is an excellent time to write, except that if I get up to sneak out to the kitchen I am certain to stub my toe or fall over a chair. Several times I have attempted it, and each time I have awakened the entire household. Once I successfully made it to the kitchen, got a little fire going, and composed a lovely poem by the light of the oil lamp. Ecstatic I started to creep back to bed. Unfortunately, I fell over the dog, and crashed into the library table smashing a vase, and very nearly bashed my brains in. The dog howled; my

husband jumped out of bed and grabbed a boot for a weapon; Mother rushed out of her room focusing her flashlight full on my face, and the hired man, a veteran machine gunner, yelled, "It's Jerry! Let 'im 'ave it boys!"

I felt quite sheepish, facing every body at breakfast, and the poem wasn't so hot, after all.

I am not arguing with anyone when they tell me that we make far more money from our cows than I do from my writing. That fact, however, does not prevent me from thinking sometimes, what fun it would be to be marooned on a desert island for awhile, with reams of paper, rolls of fresh ribbon, a stack of carbon, and my dear old mill. Once in awhile, a nice friendly publisher might drop in on me and carry away the spoils. Then, when I had got a lot of things down on paper, and made a pile of money, I should be quite happy to go back to the farm.

I'd be glad to see the bull and cows again. I'd be cordial to the pigs and chickens, and even to those friends of mine who have made sarcastic remarks about my literary efforts. I'd dig a bit in my garden, just to smell the good earth which I love.

But there is one thing I would not fail to do, above all else. I would spend the first of such monies for a cabin, built with barred windows, and heavy inside bolts. In it I would store my writer's tools, a goodly supply of food, and a machine gun. I'd put a huge sign on the door bearing the following inscription: "BEWARE! Writer inside. Molest him at your own risk. Any attempt to entre will be met by a blast as will annihilate the biggest bull, cow, man, woman or chicken which ever lived."

* * *

If you make people think they're thinking, they love you. If you really make them think, they hate you.

—Robert Markuis.

Timber Cruise in '88!

by **Emelene Thomas**

From the Diary of JACK BELL

In the summer of 1888 (I was twenty-one then, and full of the confidence of youth), Clarence BeBeck, Scott Fulton and I were on a trip up the coast, our job being to cruise some timber. We made the journey by canoe, taking along provisions and our rifles. The weather was fine, and we enjoyed paddling through the clear waters of the strait. At Cortez Island we pulled into shore where Manson and Leask, both old time friends, had a store.

Camped at the bay was a large party of Homalko Indians from Bute Inlet. They had two little bear cubs with them, friendly and frolicsome creatures, and I amused myself playing with them. Presently the chief, or Tyee of the tribe came up and stood watching me. We talked about the cubs, and the conversational ice being broken, he inquired where we were going. On replying that we were bound for Bute Inlet he seemed somewhat disturbed, and warned me not to go up the Homalko River.

"The Chilcotins will mamaloose (kill) you," he said in conclusion.

"Halo nika quass, (I'm not afraid)" I replied a bit boastfully, though I knew that the Chilcotins had at the time a reputation for treachery and general badness.

With a grunt at my youthful brashness, the old gentleman proceeded to tell me of the massacre in 1864 of the Waddington party, also of the time the Chilcotins made a raid on his tribe at Homalko, killing a great many of them. After that misfortune, he said, every summer when the salmon run was on his people deserted their village, taking with them everything movable, and stayed away until the Chilcotins, who had come down for salmon, had got their annual supply and re-

turned to their own grounds. Only the previous year, he said, Captain Moore and his mate had been murdered at Blenkinsop Bay by the coast Indians, and their schooner looted and burned. Two men were even then awaiting trial at Nanaimo.

All this the chief related to me, warning me again against making the trip, but although we knew that all he said was true, it only added to our sense of adventure, and so, on we went.

Referring to the diary which I kept I find the following:-

Tuesday, June 5th, 1888. Pulled up to the mouth of the Homalko River and had dinner. A large muddy stream — alive with mosquitoes — went three miles farther up and made camp.

June 6th. Took a trip up the mountain and had a look around. Worked upriver another half mile and cruised Sayward's claim; very poor, mostly cedar. Returned to old camp ground and did some cruising — devil's club and more mosquitoes.

June 7th. Hunted for Indian Reserve stake — didn't find it; pulled down to the mouth of the river and came upon some Chilcotin Indians.

In the flat delta at the mouth of the

river were numerous sloughs of dead water, with four foot high banks. Paddling up one of these sloughs for some distance we saw a dugout tied to the bank. We knew it was not a coast canoe, and resting our paddles, sat regarding it, pondering as to where it was from. Presently an Indian woman appeared, carrying a vessel for water. On seeing us she uttered a sharp cry and quickly made off through the tall grass and almost immediately a buck strode into sight. I hailed him but got no reply, but as we waited, another and another Indian, both men and women, popped up, until there was quite a gathering. Speaking Chinook, I asked if they were Homalkos, and after talking among themselves, they replied that they were, but their accent, lacking the guttural tone of the coast Indians, betrayed them. They showed us some strange roots which they had been gathering for food — yes, they said, they were Homalkos, and lived at the village — a gross misstatement, we knew, as we had just come from there.

A bit dubious about the whole thing, and not liking the idea of their being between us and the salt-chuck, Clarence suggested that we turn and go back downstream, so we bade them good-day and paddled down to a spot about half a mile below, where we pulled up to the bank. Taking some grub ashore, we left Fulton to cook dinner while Clarence and I run back into the woods to have a look at the timber. Our canoe with all our outfit including the two rifles was tied up at the water's edge.

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BOOK REVIEW

DRIFTWOOD VALLEY. — By *Theodora Stanwell-Fletcher*. — *Little Brown and Company*, — \$4.00

One of the most interesting books to come our way for many a month is **DRIFTWOOD VALLEY**. In it Theodora Stanwell Fletcher, a Pennsylvanian author and naturalist, gives a realistic and fascinating picture of life in a remote valley of Northern British Columbia, where with her husband, an explorer, ex-trapper, army officer, and member of the R.C.M.P., two years were spent living as nearly off the resources of the country as possible, while they studied the plant and wild life of the region, collecting much data and many valuable specimens for the Provincial Museum at Victoria.

The account of their adventure starts in August of 1937, when they set out from Hazelton for Babine Lake, with the practically unknown Driftwood Valley as their ultimate goal. On horse and on foot they made their way north and east over the rough trail, arriving after five days, at the Hudson's Bay Co. post at Babine, from whence they went on to Takla, and on again to Bulkley House. At this point they entered the Driftwood Valley, lying between the Driftwood and Frypan Mountains, and through which the Driftwood River makes its turbulent way. Led by an Indian guide, two days later they left the river trail and headed west through the forest to where at last they caught sight of the end of their journey, Lake Tetana, "The lake that flows into the river", lying still and crystal-clear among the pines, the spruces, and poplars.

On the shore of this small beautiful lake, a two room cabin was built, and for a year and a half it was 'home' to these two gay adventurers. Visitors were few and far between,— an occasional prospector, the Indians of the district, and once, a plane which landed on the lake. Absorbed in the work of trapping, mounting, and clas-

sifying the different specimens of wild life; kept busy by the never-ending need to provide food and fuel, they watched the seasons pass, revealing in the changes each brought. At times the cabin was deserted, as they made expeditions through the countryside, camping out in good weather and bad, following the trails of their Indian friends, and observing the prints of the lemming, the fox, the rabbit, and all the other creatures of the woods. In late winter they hiked the twenty miles to the H.B.C. House at Takla Lake with a shipment of material for the Museum.

Spring arrived with the myriad of birds passing over on their way north, the summer in all its lush beauty (and its hordes of mosquitoes), then autumn, flaming with gold and scarlet, and the southward flight of the birds. A second Christmas in the cabin, and in January back to the civilization they had left eighteen months before.

Two years later the Stanwell-Fletchers returned again to Tetana, to be welcomed by their friends. The eight months of this second sojourn make up Part Two of the book, and consists of a delightfully interesting account of further explorations and studies. Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher has a clear flowing style of writing, which combined with her flair for enjoying every phase of the north country and its inhabitants without minimizing the hardships, makes this book something to be read and re-read. If one has lived in the north one will be delighted, on reading it, to meet old friends of the woods; if you are a stranger to the region of the high mountains and deep valleys, you have many pleasureable hours in store for you making the acquaintance of the wild life. A complete list of plants, animals, birds and fish to be found in the valley is given in the appendix, and black and white sketches done by John Stanwell-Fletcher complete the volume.

For a richer understanding of the creatures of the woods, we recommend this volume.

— E. A THOMAS

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THE DOG and I



I've lived a fast life,
I've earned what I spent,
I've paid what I borrowed,
And lost what I've lent!

I fell for a girl,
And that's at an end.
I still have my dog;
My very best friend.

We're just a pair of sea dogs;
We're both well up in years.
When it comes to parting,
I know that it will mean tears.

I joined this ship in '84;
And "Chum" signed on that fall.
He's been loved by everyone;
While I've been cursed by all.

But we did our job in a manner,

I wouldn't say the best;
But now our time is near
To take a little rest.

Our pension won't be heavy;
And our time may not be long.
But we'll always stick together,
When we're right or in the wrong!

*Verses by Captain McKinnon, upon
his retirement as a skipper of the
Francois Lake ferry after thirteen
years of service. He had formerly been
skipper of the Kelowna ferry, and be-
fore that, with the C.P.R. on deep and
coastwise vessels.*

The Dog and I in Vancouver

I've put my dog in the hospital;
It's not because he's sick.
I live with my wife in an apartment;
And God how those people can kick!

We come from the north where
there's freedom,
And where there's plenty of room
to roam.

It's not like life in the city,
Where nobody stays at home.

They run like hell for a street car;
And when they get there the darned
thing's full.
They stand and wait for another.
And you should hear them peddle
the bull!

This life may be fine for a youngster,
Who has never started to slip.

But I decided years ago,
That it's no place for Chum and Skip.

*Above four verses by Capt. McKinnon
after he reached Vancouver, following
his retirement as skipper of the Fran-
cois Lake ferry.*

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TIMBER CRUISE

continued from page 34

Tramping through the dense woods, we thought no more about our chance meeting with the natives, until behind us we heard pounding feet, and turned to see Fulton, all out of breath. The Indians, he panted, had followed our canoe down, and were now sitting in their crafts on the opposite side of the slough.

"Go back, Jack, as fast as you can, and get the rifles. I'll follow," said Clarence. So back I sped, slowing to a walk as I reached the open. I was a bit relieved to see across the water only one dugout, in which sat a buck, some squaws and several papooses. I climbed into our boat, and had the magazine of my rifle filled by the time Clarence strolled up to take his place at the stern and get his 45 Winchester ready for action if the need arose. Fulton kept out of sight in the dense bushes.

From their dugout the Indians stolidly watched us, I facing them and Clarence with his back to them, but ready to turn about at the first move. Presently another dugout drifted down and joined the first, and the game of watching went on. For thirty minutes or more we sat there, regarding each other across the fifty feet of water. I grew impatient, just sitting there holding my rifle and wondering what, if anything, was going to happen. A pack of wolfish dogs ran down the river bank, and tried to clamber into the canoe, but I beat them off with a paddle while Clarence continued to keep nonchalant watch on our neighbours.

At last, with not a move or a word spoken, the Indian in the first canoe dipped his paddle into the water, and started the craft downstream. His companions followed in the second, and we watched them until they rounded a bend that led up a side slough.

No sooner had they disappeared than Fulton hurried into the open, gathered up his cooking pots and took his place in the canoe, as we had no intention of staying at that particular spot. We made for the Southgate River, which

enters the head of Bute Inlet opposite Homalko.

June, 8th. — Cruised up the Southgate — only cedar of indifferent quality. On returning to the mouth of the Southgate, what was our surprise, and dismay, to see tied to the bank, one of the dugouts we thought we had left behind! Clarence was all for making a quick and quiet exit, but I begged him to have a closer look, so we eased over in their direction. There was no-one in the dugout, but standing up for a better look I spied on the

bank two Indians, rolled in blankets sleeping with their heads covered, for the mosquitoes were very bad. An old Henry rifle with a breech lay near, and moving forward quietly I was able to examine it. There was a cartridge in the barrel, and I thought to extract it with the lever but the catch was broken, so I lifted the steel ramrod which lay beside it and poked it out, dropping the shell in my pocket. There were no shells in the magazine, and feeling much bolder in conse-

continued on page 91

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and lost precious time making temporary repairs. Reaching the Hope River he followed its course to Myrtle Lake, picking his way over the rotting ice. It rained all that day and he found the surface of Myrtle Lake covered with slush ice and water. He could make no headway on snowshoes so he removed them and plugged across the lake for fourteen miles in slush up to his knees. It was past dark when he reached a deserted cabin at the south end of the lake, so he decided to spend the night there. He built a fire and removed and dried his clothing.

The following morning he started early. There was a slight crust on the snow and the rain had stopped. For five miles the going was good, then he entered the timber where the snow was soft. Eight miles from the cabin he stopped, made some tea, and ate the last bannock.

He then dried his clothing and tightened the webbing of his snowshoes which had become slack in the wet snow. At one o'clock on the afternoon of March the third he prepared for the final lap. Tightening his belt and strapping on his snowshoes he set out. Darkness overtook him while he had still many miles to go. There was no trail and the snow was softer and wetter than ever. He came to a cabin where he had hoped to find food, but it was empty and barren of anything

edible. Groping his way through the overhanging trees he pushed on. Every branch he touched dumped its load of cold wetness in his face and down his neck. After what seemed years he saw the lights of Blue River ahead, and soon staggered into the hotel where he found that it was after midnight.

Since morning he had covered over sixteen miles, and old-timers could hardly believe that such a trip could actually have been made over the particular country covered under the existing conditions. After keeping the cook busy for an hour Ted fell asleep and was dead to the world until aroused at eight the next morning.

The local police office had just opened for the day when Vachon entered. I realized at once from the expression on Ted's face that something was amiss and in a few short sentences he plained the situation. It would be practically impossible to take a sled or toboggan with the supplies a party would require back over the route Ted had come. Furthermore a helpless man could not be brought out that way. Such a party would have to detour west to the Clearwater country to avoid the high mountains. It would mean a journey of at least a hundred and fifty miles and would take at least ten days. In the meantime Crowley might die for lack of medical attention.

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Kamloops, telling briefly of the circumstances and suggesting an airplane. He finally located "Ginger Coote" at Williams Lake, and made arrangements that he was to land at Mud Lake near Blue River the following morning to pick up Vachon and supplies.

Before daylight on the fifth of March, I set out with a little party of volunteers on skis for Mud Lake, some four miles from Blue River, the nearest place a ski-equipped plane could land. We took turns helping Ted drag a toboggan loaded with supplies. Reaching the lake a fire was built for the dual purpose of guiding the pilot and for warmth. As soon as the sun broke over the snow-capped crests of the mountains surrounding the lake, the distant hum of an engine was heard and a dot appeared in the blue sky. The plane circled the lake and came in for landing on the snow-covered surface.

Ginger and his mechanic climbed

out and introductions followed. While the mechanic tuned up the engine Ted and I gave an outline of the situation to the flier. The provisions were placed aboard and Ted climbed in. The mechanic cranked the inertia starter, the engine caught with a roar and the plane glided off down the lake into the mist at the far end. Soon it appeared overhead, banking towards us, then straightened as it gained altitude and headed away northward over the snowy crests now gleaming pink in the morning sun.

The country over which he had travelled so laboriously so short a time before now looked quite different to Vachon as he looked down from the air, and he had some difficulty in locating Angushorn Lake. Then he recognized a gap in the mountains and leaned forward to touch the pilot on the shoulder and point below. As the plane nosed gently downward through the pass, the sought-for lake spread before them. Making a perfect landing the plane glided towards the cabin at the far end. No smoke curled from the stovepipe chimney, and as Ted hastened towards it he wondered if he were too late.

He arrived breathless at the cabin door, threw it open and peered in. There was Dan Crowley sitting on the floor massaging his feet, and he was certainly glad to see his rescuers. His tobacco had run out soon after Ted had left and he had been smoking tea. A package of cigarettes and a nip of rum made him feel a lot better.

After Ted had unloaded his supplies he carried his partner to the plane and made him comfortable in the space from which a seat had been removed.

After bidding Ginger Coote farewell and wishing Dan good luck, Ted slammed the door and stood back. The forest echoed to the deep throb of the engine as it sprang into life and the plane roared away down the lake on the last leg of its journey. As it passed from sight over the trees, Ted found himself standing alone in the silence. For days afterwards he would stop and listen, thinking he heard the throb of an airplane engine.

After a fortnight spent in collecting

what fur there was in the traps, and closing the cabins, Vachon again shouldered his pack and set out for Blue River. This time he travelled at an easier pace, and reached his destination on the tenth day.

In the meantime Ginger Coote and his passenger flew to Williams Lake. Acting on a pre-arranged signal he circled the town to indicate that he had a patient, and landed on the lake a short distance from the settlement. A police car sped to meet him, and Crowley was soon in hospital receiving the much needed medical attention. He was there for a long time but thanks to the skill and persistence of Dr. McDonald, a slight limp is his only reminder of the experience.

By a quirk of fate, a few days after he brought Crowley to the hospital, Ginger, while carrying a can of oil across the ice to his plane fell and

broke a leg, and ended up in the next bed to Dan.

Originally Ted came to Blue River with his father, Constable "Shorty" Vachon, and stayed on after the latter was transferred to Kamloops. When the war broke out Ted was prospecting for Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company north of Fort St. James, and it was some time before the news reached him. When it did he headed for Vancouver. I saw him when he passed through Prince George; he had grown a crop of terrible-looking whiskers. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and after many operational tours received his commission. Later as a flying officer his plane was brought down over enemy territory and he was taken prisoner. For a long time he was posted as missing, but he made a successful escape and returned to B.C. after the war.

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KLONDYKE Trail Drive

continued from page 8

ers expected to make lots of money when they reached the north. The poor little donkeys however were a failure. Used to dry rocky country, they could not stand the mud and wet weather, and whenever a swamp was encountered the owners had great difficulty in getting the little bastards to move. I saw one man between 60 and 70 years of age armed with a heavy club whacking away at the ears of the poor little beggars, saying, "You appear to like it. Take lots of it." while the poor animals just stood there innocently with their big eyes staring pitifully at the swamp they were expected to negotiate.

There is a large rancherie at Stoney Creek, and as we heard that the Indians were going to give a dance, all the pilgrims who were camped in the vicinity went to see the fun. It turned out to be the usual very tame affair. One savage scraped the same tune out again and again on an ancient fiddle, while some of the braves took turn at step dancing. The Indian women conspicuous by their absence. The monotony was relieved when a quadrille was got up by the whites, who at any rate made plenty of noise with their heavy boots. The Indians thought the exhibition fine, and called lustily for 'eight white men one more time'.

On the afternoon of our last day at Stoney Creek, Harris passed us with his band of 200 cattle. As he had purchased his stock in Chilcotin, I took the opportunity of looking over his band, and found one of my own steers. I tried to induce Harris to hand this steer over to me at once, but he declined, saying that he had bought and paid for it. My men were in readiness to take the animal by force, but on consideration I thought the best course would be to go for the man who had sold him the steer — especially as Harris's men were quite ready for the fray, and appeared to be a stouter lot of men than mine, though mine were better mounted.

Harris camped that night 3 or 4 miles further on. Next day we pulled

out again, the animals having picked-up wonderfully in the three days, and by noon of the second day reached the Nechako River — the first of the three great streams that we had to cross. Leaving the cattle, and going on ahead to the ferry, I found that Harris had not yet gotten all his cattle across, having had considerable trouble in swimming them. We camped that night in order to let him get out of our way. Next day we drove to the river and made a successful crossing.

The stream divided above the ferry, which gave the ferryman a chance to fasten his scow to the point of land between the two streams by a long cable, and by moving the scow to catch the current of the river it was made to run back and forth at will.

I found that the ferryman was not grasping, as he let me off with twelve dollars for crossing all the horses and men and helping swim the cattle. We camped the night across the river, where we found an Indian Rancherie and a Hudson's Bay Co. Post known as Fraser Lake Post. Fortunately we did not have to purchase much here as prices were high — flour \$7.00 for 50 pounds, and so on.

The man in charge of the post looked as if he were getting on in years, and aging before his time. He was apparently the only white man in that section. We asked him how often he received his mail in that lonely spot, to which he replied, "We *never* get any mail here." — What a life!

As Harris was still bungling at the river, we pulled out the next day before him, but before we had gone many miles, it turned out that he preferred losing a steer or two to staying behind. He accordingly started his pack-train off, which overtook our cattle, and forced its way through the herd, consequently scattering our cattle through the woods. One reason for the

haste was that Harris, having packed for years on this trail as far as Hazelton, knew the good camping places, and so sent his pack-train ahead of our cattle to insure having the choice campsite for the night.

For two or three days I was annoyed in this way, and at last determined to let him pass again in order to be rid of him. About this stage of the game I thought I was rather cute to travel easily and keep the animals in good condition. After Harris passed again, he slackened his pace, and I was kept waiting several times by finding his cattle blocking the way.

From Fraser Lake almost to Hazelton we had fine feed for the stock. The country is heavily timbered, mostly with poplar, or cottonwood all the way. But every two or three miles one would come to openings of from ten to two or three hundred acres of fine feed. We had no more herding to do as the stock hardly scattered at all. For several weeks we had quite a pleasant time. In the morning we would start off with the cattle before the sun got strong, leaving the pack-train to follow as soon as it was loaded up. The Indian, Billy, drove the spare saddle horses, and about noon would hunt up a good feeding ground build a fire, and have lunch and a cup of tea waiting for us when we came along. We would bask in the sun for an hour or two, while the cattle lay down all around, too full to move. Then our pack-train and cook would pass us and after leaving our marks on a tree or two we would start again for the afternoon drive, and find the tents pitched and the season's delicacies spread out ready for us when evening came by Jake and Phil.

Some distance from Fraser Lake we got into a poisonous country. The first intimation we had of it was that one place at which we camped was known

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as Poison Flat. Why, we did not know. But we found out soon enough. On leaving Poison Flat in the morning I counted the cattle and made one short. I counted again, and still one short. Now, when cattle are missing out of a herd, one animal would never go alone — always it is two or three or more. So, thinking I must have made a mistake in the count, I started the cattle off. On getting in to camp at night, I counted again, and still one short. The next day we rested the herd and two of us went back to look for the missing animal. We found it at Poison Flat, a fine three year old steer, on his back, with his heels in the air, a victim to poisonous weed. This weed is described as a small blue flower called wild Larkspur, of which the root is said to be poisonous.

This was our first loss since leaving home, which we thought good, as Harris had already lost some twelve or fifteen head. As he had advised us to camp at the place, we were not altogether sorry to note that one of his steers had 'gone west' at the place where he camped some three miles further on.

For several days after leaving this place, cattle would sicken and fall out of the band as they were driving along and we would give them up for lost. They always recovered, however, and came trotting along behind after a while. We heard afterwards that the proper thing to do when they sickened was to bleed them by chopping off a piece of their tails, and fed them bacon grease.

We were annoyed slightly at times by Indians who would put a useless fence around a little piece of hay meadow, and then want to charge us when the cattle broke in the fence. The difficulty was settled however for all time, by administering a business-like kick in the usual place, and we were bothered that way no more. About half way between Fraser Lake and Hazelton, we came on a house owned by Indians. The proprietor was on the trail waylaying pilgrims. He stated that the Government Trail was very bad, and that he himself had cut out another trail at a distance of some 30 miles, said trail being much better. On

the strength of his work he coaxed and bullied money out of travellers. I told him, as we were going to Hazelton, that I might give him something when I arrived there if I saw fit.

Almost all the pilgrims took the new trail, and found it much worse than the Government trail, and twelve or fifteen miles further. We got onto the Government trail again about one hundred miles from Hazelton.

About the same time that the rush of miners from Quesnel began, our intelligent Government sent out a party of men to put the trail in good condition. The men were hired at Quesnel, but instead of starting work from there, they were sent through to Hazelton, and made to work back from that point to Quesnel. The consequence was that the most of the travel was over by the time the trail party began to work back, so that we had to wallow through the mud and swamp, as did the rest of the pilgrims, the trail wasn't completed till the bulk of the travel was over. There is now a fine trail with good bridges, which cost the government a great deal of money, but which was finished too late to be of any use.

On the 6th of July we arrived at Morricetown, a place about which we had heard a great deal. It turned out to be an Indian village about thirty miles from Hazelton, on the Bulkley River, a stream of considerable size which flows into the Skeena at Hazelton. The river at this point passes between two rocks which the Indians had spanned with a crazy bridge made of telegraph wire apparently purloined from government supplies along the trail. All about the canyon, through which the river was boiling and racing, Indians had rigged ingenious platforms, tied to the rock walls with rope made from willow roots, from which platforms they speared salmon, and caught them in dip nets.

It appeared to be extremely dangerous work, especially for small children, who could scarcely lift a salmon from the water when caught. The odds against anyone getting out of the boiling caldron alive in case of an accident were very slight. We were told

however, that no accidents had taken place.

After a long diet of bacon, it was a treat to get some fish and some new potatoes, which we did from the Indians. Though only thirty miles from Hazelton, the Indians here cannot understand the language of the Hazelton. And a few miles from Hazelton is another Indian settlement with still another entirely different language.

From Morricetown to Hazelton we found the feed very poor, the country being thickly covered with brush and Hazel bushes, which in places almost covered the trail. Over Bear River, twelve miles from Hazelton, was an extremely crazy bridge, built of two or three logs. We preferred swimming the cattle. We had been in fear of this river ever since leaving home, as we were told that it would often rise in a night so as to be impassable, but on the occasion of our crossing it was kind.

The next day we camped four miles from Hazelton where we found quite a town of tents — where most of the people who had passed us on the trail were camped. Some were resting their animals while procuring their provisions at Hazelton; others were dissolving partnership and selling their possessions with a view to taking the steamboat down the Skeena for home. A great many were scared by reason of the tales told of the want of feed further on.

Going down to the town, I was just in time to see the river boat owned by the Hudson's Bay Company coming up the river with supplies. We were told that this boat as a rule made two runs a year from the coast.

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Hazelton, we found, was a small place consisting chiefly of the H.B.Co. store and one other, an Indian Agent's residence and an English Church Mission of sorts. The size of the town was increased by Indian houses wedged in among those of the whites. Here we got our first sight of totem poles, which were placed in front of the Indians' houses, some of which were said to be many hundreds of years old.

The most curious feature of the place was the Indian burial ground. I have seen nothing to equal it in the country. Little buildings like summer houses were placed over the graves, many of which were very neatly built with doors and windows. In the buildings were placed all manner of things which had belonged to the deceased. The most splendid of the lot was furnished complete with carpet, tables, chairs, wash basin, two new umbrellas, a whole assortment of new shawls, blankets, and all manner of ladies apparel, plus a full size portrait of the tenant. I tried to induce my Indian to look at the show through

one of the windows, but his superstitions stood in his way. Even the poorest graves had one or two large trunks apparently filled with the property of the deceased.

I intended resting the animals for a few days and took the pack-train down to the town for a new store of food, which I procured at the H.B.Co. store. The stores were doing a great business by reason of the unusually large number of travellers who had to outfit there. I was able to work off a few cattle to the man in charge of the store, which saved having to pay out my cash.

When I was nearly ready to leave town, the Indian, Billy, wished to return home, and another man also left me, saying that he preferred to push ahead alone, it being much quicker. Having to get two men in a hurry I picked up the first two that offered to work, one of whom took the undesirable job of cooking. We thought at first that he was a pretty good cook, as he fed us flapjacks, which were good for a change. But by the time he had fed us on flapjacks all the way from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek, we became heartily sick of that form of diet, not to mention that we also became dispeptic.

When the third day of our stay had come to its close, I was all set to pull out again, but my boys had seen fit to indulge in an excess of Hudson's Bay Rum and were consequently quite useless the next day. The following day they were sobering up by the 'tapering-off' process and were even less useful.

On the sixth day we started, and reached the crossing of the Skeena River at the Kispiox Rancherie, some seven miles up the river from Hazelton. Next day we were ready to tackle the river and hello-ed across the river to the Indians, but there was no response. An hour or two afterwards, when we heard the jingling of a church bell, we knew the reason. The Indians were Methodists, and would not work on Sundays, — unless they could do so without being found out. On Monday the Indians were over early, but it was noon before the crossing began

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— the bargaining process had first to be undergone. They flatly refused to cross me for less than \$85.00. After much debate I managed to get them down to sixty, and am happy to say they earned every cent of it. The cattle did not want to swim, and it took twenty or thirty Indians and five big canoes all that day and the next to get the animals over.

We just got the last beast across by sundown of the second day, and so were obliged to camp at the Rancherie that night, which was composed of neatly built houses that would have been a credit to any white town in British Columbia. There were a few tumble-down shacks and ancient Totem Poles, but these, we were told, belonged to the heathen. (reflections on the advantage of being a Methodist Indian).

I never before experienced to such an extent, the native DOG. Here and at Hazelton were countless dogs everywhere. Each family seemed to own forty or fifty of the hungriest curs imagineable. Many of the Indians at this time of the year were down at the coast working in the canneries, while their dogs were left behind to do the best they could for themselves. The dogs certainly lost no opportunity. Anything at all edible had to be carefully watched. I saw a dozen or so watching a pilgrim frying his bacon, and the instant his back was turned they would grab the scalding mess out of the frying pan while it was still on the open campfire.

We were glad to leave the Rancherie but were delayed another day by the loss of a horse. We concluded at last, that the Indians must have stolen it, (perhaps to make up for all their hard work in crossing the cattle).

As time was becoming precious, we had to leave without spending much time in looking for it. For about twelve miles after crossing the Skeena we had an abundance of good feed. I should have mentioned that before bidding adieu to Hazelton, we found there a man who knew something of the trail ahead of us — another party had worked on the trail from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek, and had left with this man (upon his return) a rough sketch

of the trail, which he had nailed to the door of his cabin for the benefit of wayfarers. The main drawback on the trail north was a terrible lack of good (or any) feed for twenty or thirty miles at a stretch. Not a very promising outlook for people who could only travel about ten miles a day. Some people gave up the attempt after seeing the sketch, but the majority thought that they could go where others had gone, and the ones who thought that way agreed that the man who drew the map was a liar. The sum mit was said to be about one hundred and eighty miles from Hazelton, and as all the government, and other, reports agreed that it was only two hun-

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dred miles to Telegraph Creek, it appeared as if one had only to drop down-grade from the summit to be right in town.

We had now arrived at the end of feed, and started out to negotiate the 'no feed' country. We could hardly imagine a country with absolutely no 'pickings' of any kind, but there it was. For about ten miles we travelled through desolation — hemlock timber, varied occasionally by alder brush and devil-club, the latter being well-named — being a species of weed with a stalk an inch or two in diameter and leaves a foot in diameter all covered with prickly spines a half inch long, and which grew profusely amongst the timber. At night there was nothing for the animals to eat, and all hands turned to to build a corral for the cattle while the horses were tied to trees for the night. In the morning we found a handful or two of grass for the horses, and started on the day's drive. By evening we had arrived at a small lake, but there was little grass. The map-drawer had not lied. Imagine about an acre of swamp on which al-

most four hundred head of cattle had already camped, not to mention all the pack animals that gone up the trail since spring. But there was no help for it, so we turned the cattle loose to try to pick up a mouthful here and there, and sat down to wait for the pack-train and the man with the lunch, who had not yet turned up

They did not turn up. Fortunately there were other campers at the place, took pity on us, and fed us. We did not need blankets, as we had to trudge around the swamp all night in the rain, holding the cattle. (N.B. — It had rained every day since we left Hazelton). Two of us snatched a little sleep in an inch or two of water on the swamp, but the others failed to get any 'rest' (if you could call it that) at all. We could not stay here to wait for the pack-train, so pulled out after leaving messages on the trees for those behind — who of course failed to find them.

By night, after travelling through country quite as bad as that of the day before, and wading through mud almost all the way, we arrived at what the map had designated as 'good feed', — 'large meadow'. This was a fairly large opening, and there was still a little feed on it, for which I was thankful. A large number of pilgrims were camped here, resting their animals, which was fortunate for us, as our pack-train had not yet caught up to us. We divided ourselves among the campers who treated us very well. At ten o'clock at night the loose-horse driver turned up, with one loose horse. The others he had 'more or less' lost having left them behind scattered about here and there in the timber alongside the trail. The pack-train was said to be advancing slowly through the mud.

On wednesday, July 27th, started two men back to look for the pack-train. They did not return. On Thursday, the 28th, counted the cattle, and found that we were five short. Do not dare to ride in search, for fear of playing out the horses. No rain today — pack-train turns up at night with only half the load, having had an awful time of it through the mud, and having left two horses, played out, on

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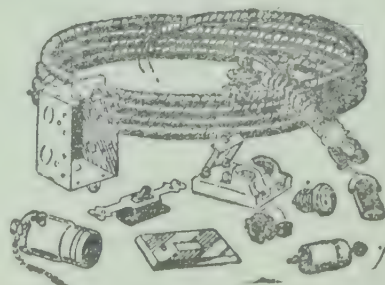
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the trail.

Friday, the 29th, rest all animals. Saturday, the 30th, send pack-train back to get the rest of the load. Sunday, the 31st, rest, and boil clothes — they were so dirty that nothing short of boiling was of any use.

We now decided to drive the cattle — on foot — in order to give the horses every chance. And it was now that we fully realized our mistake in letting Harris, and the other cattle, to get ahead of us, as the trail was a sea of mud (from churning hoofs) such as I had never seen before. Whenever the animals moved down a hill the mud rolled down too, after the manner of a river — thick, pasty mud about the consistency of porridge. It was borne home to us that the horses were getting weak.

This would have been a nice point from which to have turned back, but we kept on. We now threw away everything that was not absolutely necessary — shot-guns, shovels, picks, one fine large tent, and even two gold pans. The hobbles that we had used to restrain the horses, I burnt, in order to be certain that they would be used no more — the pack-train man, Phil, was too fond of hobbling the horses, which had the effect of thinning them considerably.

Monday, August 1st, started again, and travelled about fifteen miles — good camp, but eaten out. One of our men left the last of his two horses beside the trail to die. — Tuesday, the 2nd, reached a small marsh — little feed on it — smile and pass on. Send a man ahead to locate a camping ground. He goes too far. We see him no more. By nightfall we reached a corral built by Harris, and turned the cattle into it. A notice on a tree said, "Good feed — follow up creek." Of course, where Harris had been was eaten off, but further up the creek we found good feed.

Wednesday, 3rd, — one steer short. Cattle proceed, while two of us go back and find the missing steer and two more which belonged to Harris. We corral them, and sleep without grub or blankets. The next day we overtook the cattle at the Steelyard camp. This camp was so named be-

cause of the fact that at this place I parted with everything that had not already been thrown aside, everything, that is, with the exception of food and blankets, and among other things, one Steelyard, which I had hung onto in the hope of someday weighing out the beef on it. This instrument was suspended, nicely balanced, from a tripod, and was quite accurate.

By this time we were in the thick of our misery in regards to the shortage of stock feed. For some time there had been no spare horses to drive, as every horse was used for packing — not that there was much to pack, but because the animals had become so weak as to be hardly capable of carrying more than a saddle. Every day, one or more of our horses had to be left beside the trail, and we were not the only ones suffering thusly, as it was scarcely possible to travel a hundred yards without finding dead or abandoned horses. I saw in one place two dead horses, one on either side of the trail. The poor little burros especially could not stand the mud. Of the pack-train of fifty or sixty, nearly all had died, or had been left. The mud seemed to make the horses legs

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sore. Some people claimed that they got poisoned — the rest knew that the animals were starved. A horse would get a small sore on the hoof or leg which somehow never healed, and in a few days the horse would become lame and be left behind to die. Happy the horse, who's owner possessed a pistol at the moment of parting. Many were left where there was not a bite to eat of any kind, and a notice on a tree saying, "If my horse is fit to travel, bring him along." But very few were ever 'brought along'.

We were not the only ones who threw things away. The trail was littered with coils of rope, boxes of candles, matches, riding and pack saddles, and a multitude of other paraphernalia which no longer seemed important to the pilgrims on their way north for GOLD. Very few of the travellers were riding at this stage. Almost everyone had to hoof through the mud. Day after day the trail was a succession of swamps and mud from one end to the other. There had been no attempt at making a trail beyond whatever chopping was necessary to get animals through. Whether the road party had originally intended to make a good trail I did not know. But as soon as they left Hazelton I know that they were followed immediately by crowds of prospectors who would urge them on, so that all that they could do was keep out of the way of the crowds behind. Rediculously, the trail wound its way up and down mountains through swamps and mud — and when the trail builders had gone in the wrong direction they had no time to

retrace their steps, but kept on going with all the other idiots* chasing along behind.

One day we were travelling with the cattle strung out one behind the other for nearly a mile. The men driving the leaders found that the tail-end of the procession was only about thirty yards off. The road men had made a trifling bend. . . .

On Thursday, August the 8th we poked along about eight miles. My horse went down in a slippery creek and almost didn't get him up. The pack-train made about fifteen miles and in so doing played out one of the best horses. In crossing a crazy bridge, broke the leg of a fine steer, but had to leave it without taking along any for fresh meat as the horses were already staggering under their burdens, albeit small.

On Tuesday, the 9th, some cattle were missing, and two men went back to look for them while the rest moved on. — Saturday, the 13th, found the cattle late, and reached camp about 8:30 p.m. — all animals tired out. Put cattle in corral built by Harris, but there was no feed.

Monday, August the 15th — reach the summit mentioned earlier, but the last three miles was a hard up-hill climb. This summit was known as Groundhog Mountain*. As most of the travellers had only laid in grub for two hundred miles, many of them were glad to eat groundhog. We rested here for a day or so, as there was plenty of good grass, and we ate groundhog.

For the last week one or two of the boys had been back on the trail looking for the missing cattle. A good man was required for this job, as he not only had to walk double or treble the distance as did the rest of us, but he also had to find the cattle, which was a time-consuming assignment. When I sent the wrong man back one time, he was short three head on his return.

My big horse became very sick. I * Whether Mr. Lee classed himself as one of 'the other idiots', we do not know. — Editors Note

* There are tremendous deposits of high-grade coal in this area — the district is known as the 'Groundhog Coal Field'. — Editor's Note

fed him bacon grease, which seemed to help a little — but only a little. On the 18th I had to kill a three year old steer that had become lame, and was able to pack off a quarter of it. I traded another quarter for a bag of flour, and gave the rest away.

On Monday the 22nd started through a beautiful open valley. The stock had lots of good feed for two or three days, but it came too late to do the horses much good. We were now travelling at a high altitude, almost at the snow line in places, and had to cross many glacial streams over which there was not even the pretense of a bridge. As we were all on foot we had to take the streams in our stride. Some were swift; some rather deep — and all very cold.

By this time August 25th, we were about two hundred and sixty miles from Hazelton, and I decided to leave the cattle in order to hasten to Telegraph Creek, to see what to do next.

The horses were no longer dying off but were all very weak and sick, so it was out of the question to ride. On

Sunday, August the 26th, I started out for Telegraph Creek on foot, leaving the cattle to follow. By this time food was getting very scarce, so I did not care to take much from the cowpunchers. Furthermore, I did not care to carry much weight. My outfit consisted of three pounds of rice, one spoon, one cup, and a little extract of beef, also two single blankets. Not being used to packing on my back, I discarded the blankets in a day or so, as I found that I could make better time without them. It turned out that the distance from where I had left the cattle to Telegraph Creek was about *one hundred and thirty miles*, which is not saying very much for the reliability of our sources of information in regard to the distance from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek — we had been told it was 200 miles, but it was actually in the neighbourhood of 400 miles. Every day now I overtook pilgrims who were slowly poking along, very short of grub, and with hardly a horse left. As I knew most of them I did not have to depend entirely on

my rice diet, for which I was thankful. (I don't recommend it) And there was usually a blanket to crawl into at night.

At the Lapan River, 80 miles from Telegraph Creek, were two men selling grub. They had originally come out to meet the Curtis party, having come up the coast by boat, but getting tired of the bad trails, were now selling out their flour and bacon at enormous prices to the people who came along. Many of the pilgrims had helped to hunt for the missing Sir Arthur C. Curtis when lost at Mud River, and were not very well pleased to find one of the party waiting here to sell flour at 75 cents a pound, and other things in proportion. I refrained from purchasing and passed on.

Tuesday, the 30th — overtake more acquaintances, and camp with Patterson, the sawmill man, who was coming back to meet his party with grub. Bought fifty pounds of flour at seventy-five cents a pound, also a little bacon and cached it in the woods for the cowmen, blazing a tree with my cowbrand so that the boys would know where to find the stuff, but the man I had left in charge bought some before coming to my cache.

September the 2nd — fell in with some of Harris' cowmen, and camped with Harris all night. Watched Harris cross the Stikine River, which he does badly. A white (?) man in charge of a ferry boat and was charging two and a half dollars a head to cross the pilgrims horses or stock — a far cry from the sum I paid the ferryman on the Nechako River.

I finally tumbled into Telegraph

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Lorne Haralson
MUSKWA, B.C.

Creek, a miserable one-horse place with one or two stores, the inevitable whiskey house, and a few tents. I found here an acquaintance, Jim Cornell, who had arrived one month ahead of me. His band being fewer head, and larger stock, he was able to make better time. He had started a butcher shop a Telegraph Creek, and was getting rid of his beef slowly. He invited me to stop with him, and asked me if I needed any money. I told him that he was just the man I wanted to see and that I would call on him later.

Saturday, the 3rd — I found that it was impossible to get rid of any quantity of beef in this neighbourhood, and decided that the only thing to do was to build scows at Teslin Lake and take the beef down the river to Dawson City. I consequently hired J. M. to push ahead and see what he could do about getting scows built. I gave him some money, of which I never got an account, with which to buy a pack-horse and the necessary supplies.

Monday, September the 5th - started back on foot to meet the cattle. The nights were getting cold for sleeping without blankets. Met the cattle the following day, and sent a man off to get an Indian to cross us. The cattle were badly scattered. It took a day to * J.M. (Jack McIntosh, an old friend)

find them, which upset my arrangements, as we could not reach the place to which I had sent on the pack-train. We drove til it got quite dark, but there was no feed for the cattle, and landed them in a lot of fallen timber. We hastily built fires all around the herd in order to hold them together, as there was no feed for them. We went without supper, and the cattle were very restless — all hands had to keep walking around them all with one or another of them occasionally snatching forty-winks beside the fire.

The next morning, as soon as it was daylight, we were off again, and reached Harris's camp. Here we found our pack-train, and after corralling the cattle had breakfast. It was now too late in the day to meet the Indian by the river, which was eight miles from our camp, so we contented ourselves with sleeping and with herding the cattle out in the brush to pick up whatever feed they could. The next day — down to the river, where we made a very successful crossing. The cattle seemed to want to go, and gave us very little trouble. My dog took a great interest in the crossing, and followed each bunch of cattle over the river — even swimming up-stream and heading off one beast that tried to turn back.

The Stikine is a fairly large river - almost as large as the Fraser. I had made all arrangements at Telegraph Creek when I was there, and had nothing to do but load up some grub and and start for Teslin, but it was not to be. Some men wanted to quit, others wanted to go to Glenora, twelve miles downstream, to get boots, shoes

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PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

and other things. And of course, one or two had to get a full dose of whiskey, the cattle lost — and found again, and all told several days were lost.

From here on we were on the much-advertised 'Stikine Route to the Klondyke Goldfields'. This was to have been the All-Canadian Route — a railroad was to have been built, and also a wagon road from Glenora to Teslin Lake, where pilgrims were to take the steamboat to Dawson City. Early in March of his year, throngs of people came up in the steamboats to Wrangell and then began a struggle to get up the Stikine River on the ice. The winter was unusually mild, so the ice was unsafe. The best time to travel was before sun-up, and after dark. Imagine pulling a handsleigh loaded with grub through a foot or more of slush, temperature of such slush being at freezing point, and at other times up to one's waist in ice cold water with a keen northeast wind rushing down the river. — All kinds of outfits were seen. Sleighs pulled by horses, by oxen, by dogs, and by men. Many men and animals were lost in the river. A man would be driving his team with all his worldly possessions on a sleigh, when without warning, team, sleigh and load would drop through the rotten ice and the man would be left. At other times the man dropped through and the outfit stayed behind.

Despite all this misery, if a 'river-pilgrim' were asked if he came over the Telegraph Trail (the way we had come) he would look apologetic and humbly reply, "Oh no. I didn't have it (the gold bug) as bad as you. I came up the river on the ice." And so the rush went on, till some of the throng reached Glenora, while the later ones had to build boats, as the ice broke up early. Some struggled against the stream in all kinds of crazy boats. Others, caught by the break-up, camped where they were till the river boats picked them up — which they were in no hurry to do, as they were certain of their passengers and would rather take on a full load at the coast. Then came the throng of steamboats, several of which were unable to get up the river. — Everything was going to boom. The railroad contractor had al-

ready made a start with a wagon road some twenty miles towards Teslin. The Hudson's Bay Company had built a fine large store, and everyone was going to make gobs of money out of someone else, — when the Canadian Senate calmly threw out the railroad bill, and the Stikine Route was knocked cold.

To make the failure a complete success, a couple of hundred soldiers were sent through by this route to the Yukon in the early spring. When they arrived at Glenora, there were very few pack animals to be had — the smallest kind of pony fetched some two hundred dollars — and every available steed was pressed into Government service. The consequence was, that pack animals became so scarce that pilgrims could not get their supplies moved to Teslin Lake for less than forty cents a pound. The majority could not, and would not even if they could, pay this awful price, and were as a result brought to a standstill at Glenora. A few stayed there, but the majority took the first steamboat down the river for home. There was now no further influx of people up the Stikine, so that the steamboat owners took their boats elsewhere.

We had arrived at Telegraph Creek when everything was dead. There was quite a string of determined men pushing their way towards Teslin Lake. Some had started from Glenora with wagons, but when they arrived at the end of the road the wagons were cut down into small carts, on which their goods were toted along. By the time we arrived, horses were more plentiful, and could be bought for ten or twenty dollars, but such animals were every bit as far gone as those in our

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train — just living corpses. Of course there were lots of them packing goods into Teslin. There were also oxen, pulling carts and packing on their backs. I saw several men wheeling their outfits on barrows but would imagine that by the time they reached Teslin they would have eaten all their supplies. I think that most of those who came over the Telegraph Trail took the first boat home, as most of them were 'stone broke', having eaten all their provisions and lost all their horses.

In consequence of the forty cents a pound freight rate, I found that I would have to buy more supplies at Glenora, as my pocket book would not stand the strain of Teslin Lake prices. So I kept one of the men back after starting the cattle off, and repaired to Glenora where I set about picking up another pack-train. I might mention that the man I kept with me was the man I had hired at Hazelton to drive the spare horses. For a long time there had been no spare horses to drive, but still I kept him. I had heard that he carried no less than nine hundred dollars in his pocket and I wanted that nine hundred dollars, or at least the best part of it. At Glenora they supplied me with as much grub as I wanted, which they let me have on a 'pay when you get ready plan'. I was glad to take the stuff, though it took me some time to 'get ready'.

With difficulty I scared up a pack-train of nine half-dead animals, with sores all over them, at about twenty dollars a head. The price somehow always goes up when one wants to buy. I loaded up with supplies and headed for Teslin Lake. The first day we did about seventeen miles, and thought that we would make town in no time, but the following day our horses began to give out, and we had to slow down to eight or ten miles a day. We fully realized that we must push on as fast as possible if we were to get down the Yukon River, as it was beginning to get cold. But the greater our hurry, the slower became our weary pack animals. Feed was so poor that we had to turn the horses loose at night. On the fourth morning, we failed to find three of our best horses. We hunted for them on foot for two days.

There were about one hundred pack horses at that particular place every night, and I hunted outside the furthest horse track, old or new, for miles on each side of the camp, and eventually found two of them within two hundred yards of camp in a thick clump of brush. The third horse, we had to leave, and I sold his load of flour for two dollars less than I had paid for it, after packing it for four days. And so we poked slowly along almost every day a horse giving out, and having to be left by the wayside.

We did not, however, part with any more loads. They were too precious. When a horse could not pack any more, his load would have to be divided among the others.

Tuesday, September 27th — four more horses refused to move an inch further, so we had to camp. People coming back on the trail told us that our cattle were only a few miles farther on, so I started out after supper to see if I could get any help from them. I walked seven or eight miles and found them at Moose Lake, about forty miles from Teslin. The men had lost about sixty head of cattle, and were still looking for them. I sent the packer back the next day to bring my partner and his stuff along, but it was impossible to pack any of his load further than the cow camp, so two horse-loads of grub had to be cached in the bushes. Leaving my partner in care of the cowmen, I started off next day to see how things were going in Teslin. I thought I could reach town that evening, but at six o'clock in the evening was still some fifteen miles short. The weather was getting cold and I had neither grub nor blankets, so I was glad when I came in sight of a camp. Three or four people were cooking supper, so I thought I had happened on a pretty good thing. I sat down, and asked what time it was. (I knew only too well) The people looked sour, and said, "Haven't a watch — don't know." I watched the bacon sizzling in the frying pan for a while and asked again, "How far is it to Teslin?" — to which their answer was, "Don't know. 'Never been there.'" I thought that they would never be missed if they

never got there, and started off again. It was getting dark. After some four miles more, I came on another camp, where there were three men and a huge fire. I asked how it was about a blanket or two. They said they were already entertaining one party without blankets, but that there was an old man across the creek who might help me out. I crossed the creek and found an old man all alone with his two burros. I found out that the burros were the sole survivors of the fifty or sixty such animals which had started out over the trail.

I asked the old man if he could spare a saddle blanket or two that I could roll up in. He said, "How?" I repeated. He put his hand to his ear and said, "I am 'deef' man. Speak up." When I realized the situation, I howled at him. He said, "Stranger, you are welcome to half of what I have." — Result, lots of bacon and blankets.

That night, one of the two burros died beside the old man's tent. Next day, I reached Teslin about noon with Johnny Harris and Gerry Gravelle, whom I found camped some eight miles from Teslin with their cattle. Harris and Archie Knight had been building scows to take their beef down the river, and Gerry, being short of the 'ready', was going to ship his beef down with theirs.

J.M., whom I had sent ahead had done good work; got together several men, and had them busily engaged in building scows for me. The man in charge of the sawmill at Teslin had been making it rather warm for Mac, as he had no money to pay for the lumber used in the scows. The result of this was, that Mac had started out to look for me, and of course had missed me. He brought up however, at the camp of the burro man, who told him that I had gone by, and so returned to Teslin where we met at

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last.

Probably the less I say of Teslin City the better. It was to have been a great town — but wasn't. The Government had taken possession of the townsite and had almost given up the attempt to make people pay for a lot upon which to erect a log cabin. The log cabin people numbered perhaps one hundred, while along the shores of the lake were numbers of people camped in tents, and which people were building boats of every description and vanishing down the lake as soon as they could get away.

A steamboat had been built at Teslin, which was to have plied between that place and Dawson. It went down the river, but could not get back on account of low water. Had it been able to operate, I could have gotten my beef down easily enough.

I camped that night with one, John McLeod, a Chilcotin neighbour, who had been packing some supplies from Glenora to Teslin Lake. Next day, September the 30th, I started back to meet the cattle, and tell the boys where to camp. The country was thickly wooded, mostly with useless scrubby timber, and camping grounds

were scarce. I met my own packtrain and had to help it along to Teslin, and then returned six miles back along the trail with the horses to a place where I had told the cattlemen to camp, and arrived just in time to find that they had missed the feeding grounds. The cattle lay over the next day while I went on into town to arrange for a corral to butcher in. By this time Harris and his men had built a corral, but he did not want me to use it. It was now a question whether it would

pay better to build a new corral, or wait until Harris was through. I tried as I had done before, to get an opinion out of the cowpunchers, but they just stared at me and said nothing. Their brainpower, which never had been great, had finally succumbed to too much cowpunching on foot. I decided not to wait, but to begin butchering at a small butchering place, and then move over to Harris's corral

when he had finished. I sent two of the men back to get the stuff that had been left behind, put three more to work fixing up the butchering place, which left me with five men. Of these, two who had hired on to go all the way through with me, said that if it was all the same to me, they would like to return to Chilcotin. They appeared to be almost silly from cowpunching and night-herding. Their eyes were bulging out of their heads, and they did not seem to have an idea left, but to get home as soon as possible. They were evidently in a funk about the trip down the river. One of them had been going to show me right along what a fine river-man he was. I thought I could get along without them, so let them go. This left me with three men to hold the cattle. This gallant three had hired on at Telegraph Creek, saying that they wanted to go to Dawson, and that they would not expect wages until the beef had been sold. They now approached me and said that they too would quit unless I guaranteed them their winter's grub when they got to

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DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Dawson City. I could have got any number of men in Teslin who would have been glad of passage to Dawson, but had no time to hunt them up, and also I did not like to put any strangers to work herding the cattle, so had to accede to their demands.

I was now kept dancing about between the sawmill, where the scows were being built, and the butchering corral. I found that I must procure still more grub and was fortunate in being able to get some from John McLeod at a twenty-five cent per hundred rate over Glenora prices — supplies at other stores had forty cents per hundred tacked on. A doctor and his wife went into a store one day to enquire the price of sugar. The clerk said, "Sixty cents a pound." Whereupon the good lady told her doctor husband that he would have to eat salt with his mush that winter. The clerk overheard, and said, "Salt is also sixty cents a pound ma'm."

When I say that the price of sugar at Victoria is about five cents a pound the gentle reader may be able to grasp the situation. My friend

John was willing to sell grub at the twenty-five cent rate, but demurred at giving me time in which to pay for it. I have been trading with John for years and have never seen the colour of his money yet. However, I induced him to take a draft at three months, which I arrived home just in time to meet. It made me rather sick to do so, for the prices I paid were as follows — (Chilcote prices are in brackets for benefit of comparison. —

Tea, \$1.00 per lb. (\$.35), one dozen yeast powder \$9.00 (\$3.00), beans 32 cents per lb. (8 cents per lb.), rice 32 cents per lb. (11 cents per lb.), flour 31 cents (6 cents), sugar 36 cents (10 cents) salt 31 cents (8 cents) Food for which I paid \$275.40 in Tes-

lin, I could have bought for \$58.70 in the Chilcote — a trifling difference of \$216.70, and Chilcote is supposed to be an expensive place to live.

I purchased a few things such as oakum, pitch and ropes from strangers, and for these I paid as a rule one dollar a pound. How I managed to get past Teslin, and the awful prices there, I hardly know, as I arrived there with but fifty dollars, which was the equivalent of about five dollars anywhere else in the world. One might have a million dollars in the bank, but cheques are of no use in this country of strangers. However, I lived through the ordeal, and shall keep away from Teslin for awhile.

I had now got rid of my horses as we would not need them any more. One or two, I sold for ten dollars apiece, but most of them went for seven and a half a head, rigging included and a half a head, rigging included dollars or more for each animal. The purchaser gave me fifteen dollars deposit, and said he would give me the rest when he saw me again. He never expected to see me, and I did not care if we never met again, as long as I could get to Dawson City safely — Later, I met the man and he did not pay. The sum he owed me was but a miserable twenty dollars. He claimed to be a colonel in the American army, and to have thrown up a billet worth six thousand a year in order to come to the country. I found out also that he belonged to the party on the trail which had turned me away without a bite to eat.

Up to this point I had been keeping a diary of events but now let it drop, so have only my memory to go on. Harris had finished butchering his cattle, so I moved into his corral, for the use of which I had to payan abandoned corral, that would be used

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Williams Lake, B. C.

no more — but time was everything, so I paid. I hired an expert butcher to help us. This man killed twenty head a day by himself, while all the rest of us together barely equalled his output at our windlass.

As soon as the cattle were killed and dressed, they were swung out onto skids which ran out over the river, so that the beef could be cut down and dropped into scows. By the time the beef was all killed, the two scows were completed, and soon we had them loaded up ready to go.

Teslin Lake is narrow at both ends.

As the weather was getting cold, it was imperative that we get the scows through the narrows before they froze over. As it was, the scow men had to chop ice for half a mile in order to get the scows down to the slaughter house some four miles from Teslin. As soon as we had butchered, the weather turned mild again. It rained every day, which did not improve the beef hanging in the open air. The beef was very poor, not much more than bone.

I had been obliged to buy two boats, one small one for going ahead to find channels, and so forth, the other, a species of small scow, for carrying the beef over the shallow spots. The two scows measured forty by sixteen feet each. A great thing was to get a fair wind down the lake, which was said to be about a hundred miles long (though I had my doubts about this—especially since being told that it was only two hundred miles from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek)

I think it was on the 17th of October that we started out. The scow builders under Jack McIntosh ran one scow, the other was manned by the cow-punchers under Will Copeland. I sailed along in the lighter. There was a stove going on each scow, so that food could be cooked without having to go ashore.

On the third day the wind began to freshen, and we were travelling down the lake at a great pace. Waves were rolling high, and white caps were everywhere. About noon, I became aware that Mac was trying to get the scows to shore. They were heavy, un-

wieldy things, and hard to steer. I ran my boat up close to the scows and noticed that they were shipping water. They were built like packing cases, and were working back and forwards, and sideways, and looked as if they would come to pieces any minute.

Mac was looking for some sheltered cove to run into, but there was no shelter along that particular stretch of shore, which apart from being devoid of any sheltering nook, was also very rocky. To save the crew Mac ran the scows up on the rocky shore. The waves were dashing over the scows, and continued to dash over them, all that night, all the next day, and the night after. Some attempt was made to unload the scows, but the men were unable to do much in the ice-cold water. In a short time one scow was in two, and the other had a side and an end torn off.

That night I slept not. The problem of what to do next was too pressing. It was too late to go back to Teslin and get more scows built, even if I had the funds, which I did not. It was not much use to save the beef, even if it could be saved, and it was

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quite unmarketable where it was.

Next morning one of the men, a fussy little Frenchman, came to me and said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "I resign."

"Then let us divide the grub," he demanded.

I had quite a nice little supply of grub, but did not think that I was obliged to divide it amongst the crowd. I realized that nothing mattered very much any more, so said, "Go ahead." And they did. I never want to see such a scramble again. Everyone had been asking everyone else what they were going to do. Some were for going down the river — some for going back. My two giant Missourians said, "Norman Lee has brought us into the country, and he will have to see us out."

There was hardly a man in the lot who owned a dollar. I turned to the boys and said, "I have five dollars in my pocket, and cannot at present help you in any way. If you like, you can have the boats to go on down the river, but if you plan on going back, it is no use to look to me for help to get out of the country."

It was a case of 'root hog, or die'. I knew that I alone could make my way, but that if the rest of the crowd came along, that they would stick to me like burrs, and make it bad for all of us. The result was that everyone except Bill Copeland elected to go on down the river to Dawson. I told Bill to see that we got a full share of the grub, which he did, though the others were inclined not to allow me any as I had only sixty miles to go to get to Teslin. But I realized that food was money, and insisted. I took a last look at the beef, and concluded that it was practically spoilt as it had been in the water for two nights and a day, and had then been dragged ashore through the sand with ropes; added to which it was little better than skin and bone to begin with.

The rest of the men started to pull the scows to pieces — the idea being to make small boats, rafts, etc, and go on down the river. They had divided up into parties of twos and threes. Bill and I took our grub and some beef started to pull back for Tes-

lin against a head wind.

When we were some seven miles from Teslin, four days later, we were stopped by ice, and had to pull our boat ashore. After some deliberation we left the boat and loaded the grub onto a rough sleigh which we made out of poles and pulled this by slow degrees towards town. When the thing refused to go any further, we pitched camp, and I left Bill there while I went on into town to see what could be done.

Harris and Knight had pulled out from Teslin four days ahead of us as a result of which they had missed the storm which spelt 'finis' to my enterprise. Reaching Teslin that evening, I fell in with a friendly saloon-keeper, whom I had known fifteen years ago. He pressed me to stay with him that night. We talked over the disaster and he found two or three men who believed that the beef was not all spoilt, and who thought that they might be able to get it down to Dawson. I had not much faith in their schemes, as it was too late to build more scows then, and the question of freezing the meat and taking it down in the spring was a very doubtful undertaking. However, they had dogs and sleighs, and might be able to take some of it over to Atlin, a place that was beginning to boom, though even that was a doubtful scheme, because the distance was quite great.

They started off the next day, however with a dog team and sleigh on which they loaded their boat. I schemed hard not to go with them, as I borrowed a handsleigh, and went down

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to the camp where I had left Bill. Together we hauled our stuff to town where the saloon-keeper made us welcome. He said that we could cook on his stove, and taking us outside to a woodshed told us that we could, if we so desired, spread our blankets there. A few minutes later his partner told us that we could sleep on the floor in the house, and trotting us out to the woodshed, told us that we could do our cooking there. After taking a dose of each of this medicine, I decided to both sleep and cook in the house.

For about a week we took a much needed rest. There was already some six or eight inches of snow on the ground, but the house of McInnes & Sabin was the warmest in the town so we fared well. Saloons were doing very little business and were chiefly frequented by pilgrims like ourselves who used the stove to cook their meals on, and who slept on the floor at night. At one time in our saloon were no less than five outfits cooking their food on the one stove at the same time.

In about six days the men who had gone to inspect the beef returned, having had a very rough trip. They said that all the scow men had already left, and had taken with them what beef they could. They had, however, found about thirty quarters that were still fit for food, the rest having been spoiled by the water. They had been unable to get their boat down the narrow part of the lake on account of the ice, so they had used a part of one of the scows as a raft and sailed the raft back to Teslin with the help of sails made from rawhide (which they had luckily thought to take along)

According to the agreement, I was to have one fourth of the meat, and was also permitted to sell mine first. I wasted no time in trying to sell the beef and in trying to raise money by other means, but the town was full of beef. Whenever a work-ox staggered into town from Glenora, with his last load on his back — a mass of sores and bruises from one end to the other — he was butchered, and the meat was sold for ten cents a pound. That set-

tled the price of beef. With difficulty I got rid of three quarters. The rest, I presume, is waiting to be sold yet.

I got the boys who had brought in the meat to bring in my sleigh and sold it, and actually made a profit of fifty cents on the deal. I sold one of the bags of flour which we had saved, for ten dollars (the store price was twenty) As I wandered around, I found a man who took a fancy to my buckskin coat. This coat was just beginning to be the one thing needed to keep out the cold biting wind, but I had to raise the wind instead of keeping it off. So when my friend offered me seven dollars and another coat in exchange for it the deal was made. I hunted up another man who would buy coat number two, and managed to work him up to give me seven dollars and a half and a bottle of whiskey for it. I then trotted around till I found a man willing to exchange a couple of dollars for the bottle. After selling one or two other trifles, I found that I had amassed the magnificent sum of eighty-five dollars, after which I was ready to leave.

Quite a number of people were preparing to leave, with the idea of wintering at Telegraph Creek because of the lower price of provisions there, and so, we expected to have lots of com-

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pany on the return journey. We waited a day or two longer for these people, but I doubt if they have left Teslin to this day. We tried with no success to rustle hand sleigh, so Bill had to make one.

Had we taken the trail to Skagway by way of Atlin, we would have got to the coast in fairly good time, but we did not know this route, and so took the trail to Glenora, on which trail we knew a number of people.

We hoped to make it down the Stikine River before it froze over. For five days we did about ten miles a day, the sleigh dragging heavily through the unbroken snow. This brought us to Moose Lake, where we found an English party who were building a cabin, and who intended to winter there. One old fellow was an organist by profession and had never slept in anything but a bed in his life until coming on this trip. His name was 'Lawes', and he came from Tolland Royal in Dorsetshire. When I told him that I knew the place, he warmed towards us and invited us into his cabin, and fed us.

That night snow came —thick, heavy wet snow. I left a blanket or two for Mr. Lawes, also Bill and I parted here with our overcoats, to lighten our loads. In the morning we found the going very tough. The snow was three feet deep, and stuck to the sleigh. At last we could drag it no further, and so abandoned it and threw away everything save our blankets, a little grub and an axe. I threatened to discard more blankets but Bill undertook to pack all the grub, and his own blankets if I would stay with mine, so we rolled our goods into the smallest possible space, and started off again — on foot. Just before starting off, two fine Cariboo crossed the trail not thirty yards in front of us, but we had no rifle and if we did have, we would not have been able to pack out the meat.

For several days we carried on, packing our blankets, and sleeping in the snow, till we came to the Half-way-House where was the Montreal outfit already mentioned. They made us welcome, and helped us with tools etc. to make another sleigh, as the travelling

had now become better. We got on fairly well after that despite the sub-zero weather, as we were fortunate enough to find houses to stop over in each night.

Arriving in Telegraph Creek in a few days, we found Jim Cornell still running his beef business. He had bought a restaurant as a means of disposing of his beef. We stayed with him four or five days. He asked me to stay with him all winter — at his expense — but that could not be. We loaded up and started for Glenora where we expected to find someone who might accompany us down the Stikine River. Arriving there we made ourselves at home at the house of Captain McPhatter, who had come over the Telegraph Trail. Cap had the gift of gab. I had first met him on the trail near Hazelton, and he had at once fired a volley at me, "What's your name?" he had demanded. "Where do you come from? Where are you going, and where were you raised?" And without a pause, "My name's McPhatter — Captain McPhatter. I hail from the east, near Toronto. I've been all over the world. I've been in India, Australia"

For all his garrulous qualities the Captain treated us very kindly. I asked one of the men in his party whether he was really a captain or not (so many men on the trail invented their titles as they went along). The man replied that he was a real captain.

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or a lieutenant-captain alright.

The Stikine was by this time frozen over and navigation impossible. People had fled down the river till the last minute in all kinds of boats and rafts, among them the two men who had left my employ at Teslin. They were said to have upset and drowned, but this rumour was later disproved.

The question was now, whether the ice on the river was solid enough to carry us. We waited a day or two, and fell in with a pair who wanted to go along — a man called Poore, and a Colonel W.W. Windward, who was one of the principals of the 'Gypsy Queen' outfit which had passed me by at Teslin and bought my horses.

One night Mr. Poore, who seemed a determined individual who would dare anything, came to me and said that he would start in the morning,

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and that if we wanted to come we had better be ready, else he would go alone. — Now, there are at least two ways to travel on the ice. One is to have a sleigh for each man, with a string of dogs pulling it so that the men have nothing to do but jog along behind, while the fleetest of the party runs ahead and thumps the ice with a pole to see if it is safe — at night a large tent is set up on the ice in which a stove is kept burning thus enabling the people to keep warm and comfortable. This is the method employed by people who can afford to have dog-teams and other luxuries. The other way is the method we adopted. We could not afford a spare man to sound the ice, as it would take all our energies to pull the sleighs. Mr. Poore stated that he would have no objection to taking the lead all the way if we were afraid to try it. We agreed to leave the following day.

I went to a store to buy some snow-shoes for Bill and myself, and was asked two dollars a pair for some which should have been worth five or six. I thought that the storekeeper must be losing on the transaction, so treated him to a drink. It was then that I found out that he had bought the shoes off some pilgrims for a dollar a pair, and was clearing a neat one hundred percent on the deal (Moral — never feel sorry for storekeepers, and worry whether they're making a profit or not — they're quite capable of looking after themselves)

We didn't get a way until late the following day due to the fact that the Colonel and Mr. Poore had sat up most of the night drinking and playing cards and were not feeling up to

shuff. However, we left about ten in the morning. The ice being good, the gallant two got ahead of us, as they had better sleighs and lighter loads.

We went some ten miles and then camped. The days were now very short, and good firewood along the river very scarce, so that we had to start looking for a good camping place at about two o'clock every day. Poore had told us that he had a good tent and stove. The tent turned out to be barely large enough to accommodate Poore and the Colonel, and the stove was a broken up one which would have been decidedly unsafe in the tent even if there had been room for it. Bill and I had to sleep out in the open, and a few days later the stove was abandoned.

The next day the ice got worse, and with the increased danger Mr. Poore discreetly withdrew from his position as leader, to the rear. The Colonel had not the least intention of risking his precious neck, so the job of leading fell upon me, and I kept it nearly all the way to the coast. It was by no means pleasant to plod along down that river, through unbroken snow, hitched onto a sleigh, knowing that at any second one might tread on rotten ice and disappear. And should one have gone through — it was the end — the swift current and the ice cold water would soon finish one off. As it was, we each went through the ice several times, but fortunately only in shallow, slow-moving water, in which we plunged up to our waists.

We had been out about two days when snow began to fall — heavy, wet snow, that made travel impossible — so we had to lay up for three days.

On the last of these days rain came, and that night there was frost enough to make the going better. We started off in a hurry, and managed to put about forty five miles between ourselves and Glenora. At dusk, one day when we were fixing our camp, we heard a jingling of sleighbells, and with a rush and a whoop along came four dog sleighs and four men. This was an outfit that had started from Glenora a week later than we had to take the mail to Wrangel, and to bring incoming mail back. My friend McPhatter was in the party, which was led by a long Presbyterian minister.

This man was well-liked in Glenora, and increased his popularity by his athletic tendencies. He was a well built wiry person, and was one of the record-beaters in that part of the country, besides being an all-round good fellow. We invited the men with the dog teams to camp with us, but they laughed and said that that they were going to make another ten miles that night. They started off at a swinging gait, went one hundred yards, stopped dead in their tracks, and then came back and camped with us.

The reason for this was, that up to then they had nothing to do but follow our tracks, knowing as they did so that they were on safe ice. But as soon as our tracks came to an end and they had to break trail as well as test the ice before them, it was not so simple, and it was considerably slower.

Next morning we pulled out before the 'dog-men' and reached a cabin, where two men were in charge of a pile of goods which had gotten this far up the river on the way to Glenora. Our food was dwindling fast, so we were glad to be invited in for a square meal. Only the roof of the cabin could be seen — the snow on the shore being about eight feet deep. This was the last place where we could purchase supplies before reaching Wrangel, so tried to lay in a supply, but were unable to procure anything but some musty oatmeal. We presumed that the men were too lazy to be bothered getting what we asked for, as they were 'just out' of whatever we asked for.

We arranged to stop the night at their cabin, when along came the minister and his outfit, armed with letters from high authorities, so that late as it was and despite the fact that they were far better equipped to camp out than we were, we were turned out of the cabin into the snow to make room for his reverence, and party. — It was no trouble for the dog party to make camp, as they could pitch their tent anywhere, on the river, or where there was very little snow, set up their stove in the tent, and be quite comfortable. — On the other hand, when we made camp, we were obliged to lug our sleighs up the steep river bank on to the land. We had then to dig down through seven or eight feet of

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snow, using our snowshoes for shovels, till we reached the solid ground, upon which we built our fire. The hole so made was not very large. In fact it was usually just large enough to allow a fire to be started. When firewood was plentiful, the hole would become large enough to allow us to get into it. When wood was scarce (as it was most of the time) we were obliged to squat around the top of the hole throughout the night, with the fire some six or eight feet below us, and somehow try to keep warm. — On this particular evening we travelled till it was quite dark, and found nothing better than rotten wood with which it was difficult to cook our food. Keep

"Pappa," said the doting mother, "Robert's teacher says he should have an encyclopedia."

"Encyclopedia, my eye," grumbled the father. "Let him walk to school like I did."



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ing warm was out of the question, for it was a cold night, and we went to bed abusing the minister to the best of our abilities (which was considerable) for ousting us from the cabin.

For several days after this we got along fairly well, keeping up with the dog trains, and one day beating them by three or four miles. We were delayed a good deal by the Colonel. He was a person wide in girth, who had never been so far from whiskey and good living before in his life, and to whom the roughness of the journey came hard. It was funny, though at the same time most aggravating, to see the comical little man making his first attempts to travel on snowshoes. To add to the difficulty, he became sick, and several times we thought that he was going to pass out, and were forced to camp early on his account. It turned out to be nothing more than indigestion.

After several days of good going, snow came again — wet snow which made travel almost impossible and the ice more dangerous, so we made camp close to the preacher's outfit. For fifteen days and nights it rained without a let-up except when the rain turned to sleet — all of which soaked our clothes and blankets through and through. We stayed in our camp for days, during which time the Colonel never moved out of his blankets, with the result that when we did start a-

gain, he was too weak to travel far in a day.

During this stopover I took the opportunity to call on the preacher, where I dried out my clothes. The minister's outfit spent most of its time singing hymns, one of which seemed to suit the occasion. It was a dull monotonous refrain about 'a weary land, a weary land, a refuge in the time of storm'. At the end of four days we held a council of war, and decided that we must go, as food was getting very scarce. The preacher had started out with plenty of provisions but his dogs took plenty of feeding. He asked us to divide our supply with him, which we were loath to do, as we thought that men should come before dogs. Next day we all started again, but could not get ahead more than four or five miles a day. Every day it would rain or snow, and we were soaking wet all the time. Had it turned suddenly cold, we stood a good chance of freezing solid in our tracks as firewood was very scarce.

However, we kept poking along, keeping pretty close to the dog teams until one day when the Colonel insisted on camping early as he felt sick. There was now eight or ten inches of water and slush on top of the ice, through which we had to pull our sleds. Grub was very low — in fact we had got down to two small plates of thin 'mush' a day, which did not tend to make us cheerful. The Colonel and Poore tried hard to boss Bill and I more or less all the way, but at this stage of the game we cut them off short, explaining our views strongly at times. At last we arrived one evening at a cabin at the junction of the Iskoot with the Stikine. The cabin was deserted but seemed to offer a chance to dry out, there being a

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good fireplace in it, and plenty of fire wood already cut up. We decided to camp there, and could tell by the tracks that the minister had camped there the night before.

We had gotten down to our last meal, which we proceeded to prepare. The Colonel advocated that on the next day we should throw away our sleighs and blankets and travel for all we were worth. The Colonel and Poore had both come up the river in the spring and should have known where we were, which turned out to be only about five miles from the Customs House at the boundary between B.C. and Alaska, where some members of the mounted police were stationed. While our food was cooking and we were wrangling with Poore and the Colonel, we heard the report of a rifle. Looking out onto the river we were able to make out in the distance a dogsleigh coming swiftly up the river in our direction.

We could not imagine who the newcomers could be till a strapping youth in mounted police uniform trotted up to the cabin and said that he constituted a rescue party. The minister had arrived at the boundary that noon and told them that we were probably some fifty miles up-river and would most likely be without grub, and within the hour a sleigh had been loaded with provisions and despatched with two constables to meet us.

All was joy and gladness. We even forgave the minister for ousting us from the cabin earlier. I fed Robert (my dog) a whole dried salmon which he was badly in need of. We had looked at Robert several times in the past from a strictly culinary point of view, but he would have made rather thin soup for he had been even more starved than we. Provisions were unpacked, the fire made to blaze, and we accounted for three cans of Sam Armour's excellent beef and other dainties, while Poore and I sat side by side cracking jokes, as though I had not threatened to chop him in two with the axe only a few minutes before.

All this time it had been raining day and night in a heavy downpour.

Next day we started off leisurely and arrived soaked but cheerful at the boundary outpost just in time for supper. We found there a Corporal Boldridge, and two constables, and in another building, a U.S. Customs officer and his assistant. While the river was open they had a good deal to do, as all travelers had to call and pay duty etc., but at this time they had nothing to do but keep warm, and were getting rather sick of the inactivity.

We were treated royally, and made up our minds to stay till the rain stopped. We were also tickled at being able to get something out of our government at last, after all the years of tax paying. The mail outfit, who were not so tired as we were had kept going through the slush, so there was plenty of room for us all. The Corporal was of the opinion that eating was a bore, but we showed him that it was one of the things worth living for, at that time, out of which we made quite an art. — Here I might mention the appetites I developed in the north-country. Others have told me that they were affected in the same way. — From the time I first struck Telegraph Creek till I arrived at Wrangell I was the victim of an enormous appetite. I couldn't get enough to eat. Whenever food was plentiful, I might eat until I burst but would still crave food. An hour after a meal I was starving again. And when I finally reached the

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coast after more or less starving for a month, I weighed twenty pounds more than I ever had before, while at the same time I felt more weary and lacking in energy than at any other time I can remember. Other people have told me that the climate affected them in the same way. You can imagine how slow our pace down the river must have been when I say that the distance from Glenora to the boundary is about one hundred miles and that we had left Glenora on the 2nd of December and spent Xmas at the latter place.

The police cook exerted himself (despite the Corporal's distaste for food) and fed us on Xmas day with plum duff, and other delicacies, among them beans swimming in syrup. Four days later the rain stopped, and a little frost made fine glare-ice on the river.

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It was necessary to get more grub. Bill and I had already supplied more than our share, and had hauled it on our sleighs as well. But Poore said that he had no funds, and the Colonel would just as soon starve as spend a ten-cent piece, though he claimed to have thrown up an executive position in a big store which had netted him six thousand a year to come in search of gold. — Seeing that there would be no grub unless I got it, I applied to the corporal, who gave us food enough for a week, and stated that the government did not accept money for such trifles.

We loaded up our sleigh and pulled out again. The ice was good, and we made about fifteen miles that day. At night we camped where firewood was scarce and in the morning there was some coolness between the Colonel and myself because he had wanted to monopolize the fire, and had ignored the suggestion that there were others. There was a keen wind blowing down the river, so Bill and I did not wait for the others, who were dawdling, but struck out on the run. At times we put a canvass up on the sleigh for a sail and made great time, but in so-

doing made a near-fatal mistake, for we should have turned off the main river onto a slough, which slough would have led us to Cottonwood Island where several steamboats were wintering, and where a Chilcotin acquaintance of mine, Bill Jones, was also wintering, with his lady.

In the early spring, when the rush began up the river, steamboats landed the pilgrims at Cottonwood Island. Most of them camped here till the condition of the river permitted them to start. Consequently, the island was covered with all kinds of little houses, a warehouse or two, and various saw-mills, not to mention a variety of boilers and engines which had been too heavy to transport up the river.

In our hurry to get down the river we had forgotten to watch the minister's sleigh-tracks which were still to be seen here and there, and had missed the turn-off down the slough and kept going till we came to an open expanse of water covered with great floes of ice. As we did not know which way to go next, we thought to wait for the Colonel and Poore. Waiting was an extremely cold pastime. We tried to light a fire, but had to give

it up as all the wood we could find was waterlogged, and our fingers at last became too cold to light a match. After a couple of hours of this, with no sign of the others, we decided that something must be wrong, and retraced our steps against a biting cold wind, and came across their tracks where they had turned off to go down the slough.

We started down the slough, but were stopped by the tide, which was coming in and breaking up the ice. While we were wondering what to do a dog sleigh overtook us. The Corporal from the boundary, one of his constables, and one of the U.S. Custom's men had started a day after us with the intention of spending New Year's in Wrangell. As they could not go any further that night they pitched camp and we stayed with them.

A couple of miles travel along the slough the following morning brought us to Cottonwood Island, where we found Bill Jones who gave us a good breakfast. There we also found Mr. Poore, but no Colonel. These two had beaten us down the river after all, and had arrived near the island in time to see the steamboats, which would have been frozen in for the winter had they stayed another day, pulling out for Wrangell, eight miles off, across the salt water.

The Colonel, seeing the boats leaving, dropped his sleigh with all his possessions and ran at top speed for the boats, singing out to Poore to look after the stuff (which he was just green enough to do) and just managed to catch a boat which took him to Wrangell and his beloved whiskey.

That night Bill Jones made us welcome, and offered us the loan of his boat in which to go to Wrangell, but we decided that it was too risky as the whole channel was choked with ice.

Next day Jones stated that if our party wanted the boat, we would have to pay for it before leaving, as the channel was blocked worse than ever and there was better than an even chance that the boat would be lost.

It was fortunate that Bill and I had not gone farther the day before, as we had reached the tide-flats, and if

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we had been caught there by the rising tide rather than at the slough we would surely have drowned.

The mounted police, thinking it impossible to get to Wrangell, mournfully turned back in the face of a bitterly cold wind.

We were held up on Cottonwood Island for ten days, during which time Bill Jones cooled perceptibly, as he was afraid that his supplies would not last through the winter if he started handing them out. Luckily we found a cabin who's occupants had gone to Wrangell for New Year's, and in which there was plenty of food, about which we had no qualms in appropriating

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sufficient for our needs since our own supplies had given out.

We were hoping that the Colonel would send a boat from Wrangell to take us from the island, but he never did. We found out later that he had

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Prince George, B. C.

taken a boat south almost the same day he reached Wrangell, and while we sat patiently huddled in our little cabin on the island pondering over the quirks of fate that had brought us to this pass, he was no doubt half way to his beloved Chicago. He did not even leave a message about the few dollars that he owed me for the pack horses, nor did he even enquire my address. I took pains however, to find out his, so that I could at least write him and tell him what I thought of him.

Eventually the people who's cabin we had broken into came back. Because of the ice, they had been obliged to leave their boat four miles down the shoreline. We made arrangements to use the boat, and after one more night camping out, we reached the boat and rowed across to Wrangell.

At Wrangell we met the minister and he told us that he had had a very rough trip from the boundary to the island through rain, and water a foot deep. When they reached the slough the tide was coming in and the ice was broken up. Not wishing to camp another night, they had boarded an ice-floe, dogs and all, and floated down to Jones's house.

That evening a steamboat left for Victoria. Bill took this boat, but I waited, as I heard that there was a boat leaving for Vancouver the next day — My clothes were in rags and

I did not care to look up any of my aristocratic friends in Victoria, not to mention the fact that I was also almost without funds. It turned out that I had to stay in Wrangell for eight days before a boat of any kind came near the place. It seemed as though I never would get away, and all the time I was in the greatest kind of a hurry to get home — The man in charge of my place might be playing 'ducks and drakes' with the remnant of my estate, and running bills up into countless thousands. — On the eighth day a steamboat hove in sight. I boarded her without caring where she was bound, so long as it was somewhere south. Her destination was Seattle. How I was to get from there to Vancouver without funds, I did not know or care, but I *was* going to leave Wrangell.

Not wishing to part with Robert (my dog), and objecting strongly to buying a ticket for him, I was wicked enough to smuggle him aboard. Robert seemed to realize the situation, and sneaked aboard as if he had nothing to do with me, but it was no use. I could find no place to hide him, and in desperation had to confess to the purser, who made me buy a ticket with the alternative of putting Robert off at the first port. The fare, luckily, was cheap, and the the food too was cheap, and nasty, but we survived.

Fortunately, the boat had to call at Nanaimo to get coal, so we left her one morning about four o'clock, and after a three mile walk were just in time to catch a Vancouver-bound boat.

In Vancouver the newshounds pounced on me, and next morning the papers carried the news that Mr. Lee

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Prince George

B.C.

was among the passengers who had arrived from the North, and that he declined to say anything for publication. That was all they knew or cared, so long as their salaries went on.

I found myself in Vancouver with a roll of blankets, a dog, and one dollar. The latter I took first opportunity to exchange for some liquid refreshment, and felt immediately much better, and quite reconciled to start afresh with a clean sheet. Now came the advantage of having traded in Vancouver for years past. I went to see one of my merchant friends, who promptly asked me how I was fixed. I told him that I was 'stoney', whereupon he promptly opened his cheque book and with poised pen asked me how much I would like.

He had just come from Dawson himself, and he told me that a big cattle outfit had been frozen in about two hundred miles up the river from Dawson. Thinking he had got the wrong end of my disaster, I confessed to him, but since then found out that Harris and his two scowloads of beef were caught in the ice and that chances were very slight that he would get anything for his meat. My informant was 'Mac', of 'Mac & Mac's', whom many of you no doubt know. This information, in a measure, consoled me, for I knew upon hearing it that it would have been impossible for me to have reached Dawson City even if the scows had not gone to pieces.

A day or two later, I took the cars to Ashcroft, from which place I started to walk to the Chilcotin. Enroute, I called on my old friend, Doc. English, who kindly lent me a horse, which conveyed me by slow degrees to the place of which the former proprietor had said, with tears in his eyes, "They call it a 'chicken ranch', but it's home to me."

* * *

And so ends this tale of hardship and privation enough for a lifetime for the average man of today but just 'another experience' in the life of one of Cariboo's pioneer Cattlemen. Mr. Lee returned to his home across the Fraser River in the Chilcotin, and stayed to build up one of the country's foremost cattle ranches.

Editor's Note

* * *

The publication of this article was made possible through the courtesy of Mrs. Norman Lee, who very kindly made available to us the records and information used in the article In a later issue we hope to publish an article by Mrs. Lee describing the life of pioneer ranchers as so vividly described by her upon arriving fresh from England into the wilds of Central B.C. just after the turn of the century.

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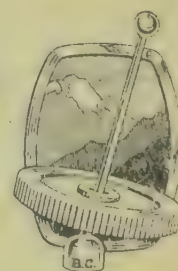
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the Fraser Canyon

CARIBOO SKY PILOT

continued from page 27

it was good walking. (You would still have to walk, Mr. Ellis.) None of the high trestle bridges had been built at that time, however. (The trestle bridges haven't been built yet, Mr. Ellis.) The grade therefore, was intersected every few miles by a deep ravine. (It still is, Mr. Ellis.) It was often difficult, if not dangerous, to slide down one side of a ravine, cross the stream below on a fallen tree, then clamber up again on the other side." (You should see the grade and ravines now, Mr. Ellis. The grade has reverted back to forest land and wilderness. The ravines have not seen a single bridge in twenty-five years or better. In fact, the bridges were never built, and the grade now makes excellent cover for grouse.)

One evening during this three-day trip between Prince George and Quesnel (he walked all the way) Mr. Ellis arrived at a deserted road camp. As the bunkhouse was still in good condition, he camped there for the night. His pot of rice was soon boiling on a bright camp fire and the prospects of a dish of rice and a bunk were cheering. As he was cooking the evening meal, however, a visitor arrived to share the meal. A logger was making his way northward and he had decided to spend the night in the bunkhouse too. He had no food with him, so Mr. Ellis shared the dish of rice, then turned in for the night. In the morning before parting, the logger heading northward and the Sky Pilot heading southward, like two locomotives running on double-track—which is the wildest sort of a dream where the Quesnel-Prince George "Fade Out" is concerned—the logger said: "I wish I had something to give you. Here, take this candle." And he slipped into the hand of the Sky Pilot a stub of candle, not over two inches in length. Mr. Ellis smiled as he put it into his pocket.

The following night, because of the rain that was falling, the Sky

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Pilot was trudging along the grade. He would gladly have slept on the ground, but the rain kept falling in heavy showers, making the ground wet and damp. He was compelled to keep walking until he could find shelter of some kind. But once again the grade came to an end. He was standing before a steep bank, and the Sky Pilot could only judge the depth by the sound of water flowing at the bottom. It would have been folly to have attempted a descent in the dark, but the pioneer preacher did not wish to remain there in the rain until morning. Then he thought of the candle stub in his pocket. The light was sufficient to guide his steps down the steep slope and across the creek. Gaining the opposite side, he was able to continue

his journey to Quesnel via P.G.E. Railway. (On foot, of course.)

Arriving in Quesnel, the Cariboo Sky Pilot caught the train to Vancouver. His boots were ruined through continual soaking and hard usage. When he dried his boots in the train, the boots fell apart! He arrived home in a pair of beach slippers, after walking hundreds of miles on foot in the Cariboo.

The Cariboo Caravan

Upon his return to civilization (?) at the Coast, the Cariboo Sky Pilot had a Model T truck donated to himself. He spent the winter months building a body on the chassis. The caravan proper measured twelve feet in length, and it was fitted with three bunks, a folding table, closets, and a small cook

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stove. This arrangement proved to be satisfactory, with the outside painted in grey. The one detriment, however, did not subtract from the comforts (?) of those travellers who were fortunate or otherwise in riding in the Cariboo Caravan. The motorist following suffered, in silence or otherwise. On a narrow road a driver might be compelled to follow the truck for miles. Fortunately, the traffic was light in those pre-atomic days.

Upon completion of the Cariboo Caravan, the complete outfit was shipped from Victoria to Vancouver. The Sky Pilot had contacted a partner in suffering to make the trip with him this time. He was a Dutchman who had left Holland at the age of fifteen and sailed the seven seas for twenty years, visiting all the important countries of the world. He had acquired a knowledge of several languages and claimed to be a graduate of "Hardknocks University." This man proved to be a good partner. And the weeks following were plugged with adventure. From Vancouver they followed the highway along the Fraser River. Mr. Ellis stated: "At that time there was no road through the mountains; we were compelled to ship our caravan on a flat car from Hope to Merritt. Never shall I forget that trip through the mountains. We lay down in the car, as it swung around the curves and lurched dangerously from side to side, as two snorting locomotives plunged it through one tunnel after another and showered it with coal dust. It was quite a relief, after eighty miles of such travelling, to arrive at our destination on the east of the mountain pass."

They commenced activities at the Shuswap Indian Reservation. Here they received welcome, being showered with gifts of eggs and potatoes. But the eggs were both highly flavored and colored. For three successive years there had been a plague of grasshoppers through the country. The ground was so thickly covered that it was impossible to walk without stepping on them. While completely

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Prince George, B. C.

destroying the gardens, they provided a bountiful feast for the chickens. This exclusive diet caused the yolk of the egg to appear blood-red. And the two intrepid travellers felt that their stomachs had partaken of an exclusive grasshopper diet. Their stay here, however, terminated before their stomachs revolted altogether.

One morning, after studying their map, they cranked the Model T and decided to visit a large Indian village situated several miles west of the Cariboo Highway. (. . . west of the Cariboo Moose Trail.) Traveling northward a few miles, they took the left fork of the road, which soon led them down a steep, slippery hill. At the bottom of the hill they found the road impassable, and they managed to turn the caravan around and start back toward the main highway. But the hill proved to be too much for the Model T Caravan; even with one pushing behind, the truck was not able to climb the hill. They sat down to contemplate the situation and reflect concerning Cariboo roads in general. Just at the crucial moment, however, a cowboy arrived on horseback and tied one end of his lariat to the front axle of the Cariboo Caravan, twisted the other end around the saddle post and with the engine of the truck roaring behind the straining horse and rider, hauled the outfit back to the main road. The cowboy had roped and hog-tied more than one beef in his day, but that was his first experience with a Model T Caravan. I might add that predicaments of this nature would be encountered today, only the pulling power of cars has been built up over the years. Cariboo roads remain in the same primitive state, to a large extent.

Five miles from the 100 Mile House there was a loud report. A happy cowboy giving vent to his feeling, no doubt. But, upon closer investigation, the report was caused by one of the back tires of the truck losing faith in the Cariboo Highway. It was beyond repair. The spare tire was worn to the fabric and could not last for many miles. What to do? The question was

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"GATEWAY TO THE CARIBOO"

answered by a carpenter who was working on the 100 Mile House as the Caravan came wheezing and spouting steam, wobbling and groaning to a stop. He said: "How do you expect to get on that old tire? Why not take the side road to my homestead? You can live off my vegetable patch, preach in the schoolhouse, and earn enough in the hay field to buy a new tire." They did.

However, owing to the condition of the road, it took six hours for them to reach the carpenter's homestead at Forest Grove. At one

place they found a spring of water in the middle of the road. The car sank down to the axles. They labored almost four hours before they could continue their twelve-mile journey to Forest Grove. Following this lesson, they would stop before each large puddle and measure the depth with a stick before attempting to plough through it. I presume, if the depth of each puddle was no deeper than waist high, they attempted the crossing. If, however, a puddle was encountered of deeper depth, they crossed over

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CARIBOO SKY PILOT

continued from page 71

by the medium of a portable canoe.

Mr. Ellis wrote: "The people of Forest Grove received us very kindly. (Salute to Forest Grove.) With the help of a saddle horse and a boat, we managed to visit the families around Canim Lake. We found many homes scattered around the shore of this lake. One day alone I rowed about thirty-two miles, arriving back home in the early hours of the morning."

The meetings were conducted in the schoolhouse. Homesteaders and Indians came from every direction,

on horses, in buggies, canoes or on foot. That evening a chance meeting with the school teacher, a young red-headed fellow, produced the usual enthusiastic reception of those early days. The young fellow went around the community with a petition to have the Sky Pilot and his companion run out of the district. But a gasoline famine, along with bulldog tenacity, held the two adventurers in Forest Grove. Previously, they had paid as high as eighty-four cents a gallon for gasoline, but now it could not be obtained at any price. They had earned sufficient in the hay field to buy a new tire, which had been sold to them by the storekeeper at wholesale price, but they were compelled to wait until a new supply of gasoline had been shipped into the district!

Arriving in Quesnel, after an eventful trip up the highway from the 100 Mile House, with stops on side roads and along the way, the Cariboo Caravan unloaded its two occupants, amidst the craning of curious necks. Here the resident Presbyterian minister was on vacation, and the trustees, because of the Sky Pilot's previous acquaintance in the district, kindly granted him the use of the church for Sun-

day night. He was delighted to see some of his former Dragon Lake students present.

The Sky Pilot said: "When we left Quesnel and headed northward toward Prince George, it took us two and a half days to drive to the city. I had previously covered this distance on foot in three days. The road was terrible. We spent much of our time in repairing bridges, digging our way out of mudholes and pushing the car up steep grades. On more than one occasion we were compelled to drive a stake in the road and use our block and tackle." They had brought block and tackle along on the trip to pull the car up the hills.

The steepest hills encountered on their trip were between Quesnel and Prince George, according to Mr. Ellis. The truck was deficient in power and showed a weakness common to the Model T. The gasoline would not flow to the engine on a steep grade. He said: "A long, steep hill with loose gravel had us baffled. We made several attempts to run at it, but never managed to climb more than about half the distance to the top. There were two methods that we had resorted to in the past—when stuck in a mudhole or on a steep hill. One method was to turn the crank by hand while the car was in low gear; the other was to drive a stake into the road and pull the car forward by means of block and tackle. On this occasion we decided to combine both methods. Inch by inch the car crept up the steepest part of the grade. We were both panting, but hopeful. Suddenly, our stake tore away and our truck started to run backward. Having no time to consider the danger, I jumped in to the car; but before I could apply the brake a stone threw the steering around, causing the truck to plow into the bank. The Caravan stood straight across the narrow road, with the front wheels about six inches from the edge of a precipice. Had the wheel turned in the opposite direction, I would have been dashed over the edge and no doubt killed.

"After working a long time with jack and shovel, we turned the

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truck sufficiently to return to the bottom of the hill. And just as we were contemplating the different angles of the situation, a touring car drove up. The driver stopped and offered us a tow rope, and at the third attempt we unitedly reached the top of the hill. This man also followed us for about sixty miles, and every time we came to a steep hill, he took the tow line and gave us a pull." (I'll guarantee he wasn't of the Public Works Department.)

Arriving at Prince George, they were greeted by one notable character. Pete lived in a one-room shack and was known near and far. Before his demise from this world Pete established himself as a well-known Cariboo character. He was possessed of a large heart, although he clung to a roll of lettuce, that would have choked an ox, with the tenacity of two bulldogs. His culinary efforts were few and far between, and he changed clothes only when compelled to do so by those people who had his best interests at heart.

When the Cariboo Sky Pilot arrived in Prince George, Pete was occupied with his daily task—he earned his living by cleaning out cesspools. He never became entirely free of the vile odor. He became, however, a close friend of the Cariboo Sky Pilot. And their relationship, although not scented with the fragrance of roses, was sweet. Characters like Pete pioneered in this land of Cariboo. Rugged romance is portrayed on the hills and hearts of the people of Cariboo, and the gold of the hills does not glisten as brightly as the faithful friendships to be found in this land that to more than one person has never been discovered.

In Prince George the Cariboo Sky Pilot nearly landed in jail. As he was walking down the street, the Chief of Police stopped him and said: "What were you doing in the theatre tonight?" Mr. Ellis assured him that he had not been in the theatre. But the theatre manager joined them at that moment and began to accuse him so vehemently that he could neither understand

the cause or attempt an explanation. He later learned that a young man, fired with more zeal than wisdom, had entered the theatre that evening and shouted at the top of his voice: "This place is condemned and all who attend will suffer the vengeance of eternal fire." Hearing the words "condemned" and "fire," the audience rushed for the door as one man, thinking that the place was either condemned and about to collapse or on fire and going up in smoke. Fortunately, nobody was hurt in the wild scramble for the exit. The mistake in identity was soon rectified and the Sky Pilot was permitted to continue his sequestered (?) way.

Upon leaving Prince George with the approach of fall and winter months, the two travellers drove, pulled, pushed and hauled their Cariboo Caravan up hills, through mudholes and across miniature rivers until they arrived at the border. They had decided to cross

the border and continue their journey through the state of Washington, to escape shipping the car by rail over the mountains. They arrived in Anacortes one afternoon and took the ferry for Victoria next day, arriving home without the flare of trumpets and the waving of banners.

Thus ended the Cariboo Sky Pilot's third trip into the Cariboo hinterland. But he has left his mark on this vast land that many people love, and the people of Cariboo will give him as warm a reception as in former days, should he return again; but I am sure that his reception will not be like that of those early, hectic days. Somehow, I think the Sky Pilot would, however, relish a reception like that of bygone days. He would feel at home immediately. But today . . . Oh, well, hats off to the Cariboo Sky Pilot and his Cariboo Caravan!

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QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Fair Days and Perilous

continued from page 24

vice into the status of an undischarged liability. The whole question may be adequately stated and summarized in the words of Chief Justice Sloan which appear in the "Sloan Report". Wrote the Commissioner: "Fire protection in relation to both personnel and equipment is grossely inadequate". And, again: "... all plans for managing our forests for the future might as well be forgotten now for the simple reason such plans, in the absence of proper fire protection facilities, are foredoomed to failure."

The economic value of our Forest assets is clearly shown in the figures which follow and it is always to be re-



'The Universal Enemy' — courtesy Cine Photography Service, Prov. of Quebec

INDUSTRY	Year	Gross Value	Wages & Sal.	Net Value	Plants
Wood & Paper	1943	158.87 a	47.09 a	81.45	845
Products	1944	180.26 a	50.38 a	91.65	957
Iron and Steel	1943	254.52 b	99.90 b	177.32	210
Products	1944	218.09 b	87.11 b	154.19	238
Vegetable	1943	58.66	9.48	22.36	473
Products	1944	77.16	11.22	29.33	479
Animal	1944	77.12	8.96	18.24	167
Products	1943	70.68	10.14	20.09	168

Notes: (a) Note the increases here

(b) Note the decreases here. Ascendancy of Iron and Steel over Wood and Paper Products occurred during, and was attributed to the War.

1. Figures in all but the last column are expressed in millions of dollars.
2. Figures are from the 1946 Report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa.

membered that these values are definitely not the only values provided by trees and forested areas.

And, for good measure, it may be pointed out that the total capital invested in the Wood and Paper Industries of British Columbia, according to the most recent figures, exceeded that of its nearest competitor by over three million dollars and represented very close to one third of all the industrial capital of the Province.

It is established, then, that we possess in our forests an immense but, nevertheless, practically unprotected asset. Representations, precisely similar to these made by Chief Justice Sloan in 1944, were presented to the

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B.C. Government by a Royal Commission on Forestry in 1910, The recommendations of 1910 were completely ignored in so far as protection was concerned and there is singularly little to indicate that any but a similar fate awaits those of 1944.

In consequence, affairs have reached the point where the general public is compelled to intervene unless it is apathetic enough to sit back and allow its greatest natural resource to be dissipated by an inefficient Forest Service and a disinterested Government. Two courses suggest themselves: the first of rather dubious worth and the second, if conscientiously carried out, of material benefit.

The first course consists in bringing pressure to bear on the Government; a pressure that will ensure something more practical than the appointment at intervals of thirty five years of Commissions whose recommendations are promptly ignored. All or a very much larger percentage of Crown income from the Forests must be returned to the Forests in the form of protection and regenerative activities. During the ten year period from 1933 to 1943 an average of \$28.54 out of every \$100.00 of Forest Revenue was returned to the Forests in British Columbia while the average for all Canadian Provinces amounted to \$63.50. It is most noteworthy that the Prairie Provinces return a greater percentage of Forest Income to the Forests than does our Province where the Wood Industries command the greatest capital investment and, normally, the highest gross and net values in production.

The second course open to all who regard our forests with respect and consideration due them must be carried out immediately - immediately those fair but perilous days arrive when conditions favour attack by the two arch-enemies of the trees, Fire and Insects.

Statistics demonstrate that from fifteen to twenty percent of all Forest Fires in British Columbia are generated by careless campers and smokers and, other factors being equal, there is every reason to believe that loosening restrictions and greater fac-



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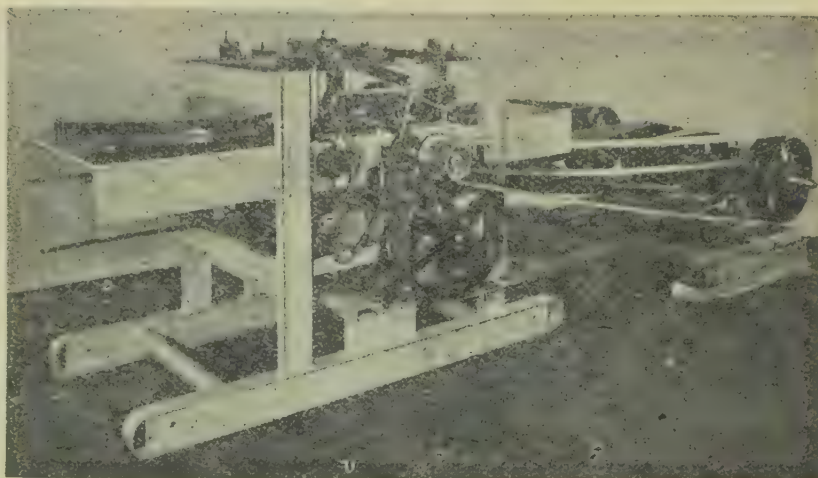
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and the physical effort required to effect this should not prove too rigorous? It is wonderful how many motorists carry shovels with which to extricate themselves from mudholes and snowbanks but how few even think of carrying them in order to deal with their own or somebody else's campfire.

The safest form of campfire is lit in a depression in the ground, the centre of a circular patch of ground cleaned of all inflammable material down to mineral soil and not less than five

feet in diameter. And, when festivities are over or the mosquitoes have brought about their premature conclusion, this fire is soaked with water, stirred and soaked again; soaked and soaked until it is well and truly out. Then, and only then, can it be regarded as absolutely safe.

But there will always be forest fires even with one hundred percent carefulness on the part of humanity. One of the prime outdoor arsonists is lightning. Strange goings on are taking

place in the heavens these days what with artificial snowstorms and rocket projectiles, but no one has yet discovered how to prevent lightning. Unfortunately, trees attract lightning and your prize tree at home should be provided with a lightning rod. However, forest trees cannot be so provided and, in consequence, we have a future of forest fires caused by Jove's bolts yet to look forward to. Many such fires break out high in the timber line or even above it, but others occur in very

much more accessible spots and should be suppressed without delay. If it is not possible to extinguish them, they should be isolated with a guard. This guard takes the form of a trench dug to the depth of mineral soil and, generally about two feet wide. The inflammable material removed from this trench should usually be thrown outside the trench though extreme care should be taken to avoid throwing out material which is already on fire.

These happenings should all be conveyed to the nearest Forest Officer, especially if:

(a) the fire is within one half mile of any merchantable timber.

(b) the fire is out of control.

Your tidings may not be received with any degree of enthusiasm, but the fact remains that you should offer them anyway.

It is likewise advisable to procure a peculiar little document known in the business as a Campfire Permit. This may be obtained entirely free of any charge in a great variety of places such as Forestry or Police Offices and such Stores or Post Offices as are remarkable for their inaccessibility. With out such a Permit, it is unlawful to light any Campfire within the Closed season, which is usually from May 1st to September 30th. Dire penalties ensue if you transgress, but the Permit does not release you from any responsibility if your Campfire 'gets away'. In fact, if you have a permit and a fire starts in an area where you are known to have been frolicking, you could very well become an object of deep suspicion.

"When the whole tail-feathers o' winter-time, is all pulled out and gone,....." the insect pests of the forest again recommence their depredations. It is significant that insects, by killing trees, prepare the way for big fires (see illustration of insect damage), and that fires, by burning away a tree's natural protection of bark, provide a happy eating and mating place for some insects.

The table above is additionally interesting because it refers directly to the region in which the 'Cariboo and Northern B.C. Digest' circulates. It shows that the drain on the Interior Forests exceeds the increment by approximately one hundred and forty-six million feet and that the deficit could be reduced by one hundred and eight million feet if fires were prevented or immediately suppressed and insects were persuaded to leave us alone. It is quite obvious that, if we want any forest at all in the future and the prosperity to go with it, fires and pests must be eliminated or sharply reduced while the annual cut must be brought to a lower figure.

While our statistical parade shows that Insects do not do as much damage as Fires, their concerted efforts do equal about three quarters of that exerted by the flames. In fact, their menace is considered serious enough for the Dominion Forestry Department to have very recently reinforced their lines of defence.

Insect infestations should be reported to the Dominion Entomological Lab

continued on page 101

— TABLE 2. —

FIRE and INSECT Damage in Interior Forests 1920 - 1940

a. Available Estimate of Major Damage *	3,130.	
b. Available Estimate of Minor Damage	500.	
c. Total Estimated Insect Damage		3,630.
d. Annual Estimated Insect Damage	180.	
e. Annual Estimated Fire Damage	253.	
f. TOTAL ANNUAL DAMAGE		483.
g. 25 percent Accessible Timber Damage	108.	
h. Annual Cut	598.	
i. TOTAL ANNUAL DRAIN		706.
j. Estimated Annual Increment		560.
k. NET ANNUAL DEFICIT		146.
m. NET ANNUAL DEFICIT with no fire or insect damage (k — g)		88.

Figures in Millions of Board Feet

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Agriculture in the PEACE

continued from page 20

According to the British Columbia Manual 1930), 35,325 square miles of B.C. are estimated as available for agriculture. This is 22,608,000 acres. Kitto states that best informed men suggest ten to twenty million acres are suitable for GRAIN GROWING in the Peace River District, and adds that perhaps 15 million would be sufficiently conservative. As mentioned earlier, plant breeders are rolling the farming belt northward continually, so that it would be well within the bounds of possibility to suggest that there are at least as many acres of farm land in the Peace River District as in the whole of British Columbia.

The logical outlet for the products of this land would be the coast cities when the Pacific Great Eastern is completed to serve this area. In addition to this potential agricultural wealth there are billions of tons of the finest coal to be found anywhere in Canada right in the B.C. section of the Peace River District. Geological surveys report favourably on other minerals and oil and natural gas. Just over the Alberta boundary gas has been struck, one well producing 10 million cubic feet per day. While not a timber country when compared with the coastal areas, yet 25 million feet of lumber was shipped from the B.C. section during 1946, giving employment to many homesteaders and farm workers during the winter months.

Threshers' returns have not all been received at time of writing this article, but sufficient have been received from various sectors to safely make the following estimate of crops for 1946:

Wheat, 1,320,000 bushels, averaging 33 bushels per acre.

Oats, 1,500,000 bushels, averaging 50 bushels per acre.

Barley, 200,000 bushels, averaging 40 bushels per acre.

Flax, 48,000 bushels, averaging 12 bushels per acre.

Alfalfa, 500,000 lbs., averaging 200 lbs. per acre.

Alta-swede clover, 180,000 lbs., averaging 300 lbs. per acre.

Alsike, 15,000 lbs., averaging 150 lbs. per acre.

Sweet clover, 130,000 lbs., averaging 130 lbs. per acre.

Timothy, 12,000 lbs., averaging 600 lbs. per acre.

During 1946 the following additional acreage has been seeded: Alfalfa 2,500 acres, Brome 100 acres, Alsike 150 acres, Timothy 25 acres, Creeping Red Fescue 400 acres, and contracts have been signed for 500 acres of peas.

Between 25,000 and 30,000 acres

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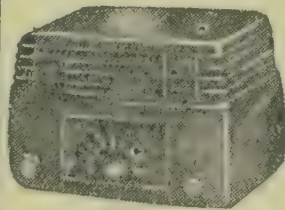
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of new land was broken during 1946 and about 10,000 acres cleared ready for ploughing next spring. If this land was all seeded to wheat it would double the present wheat yield. As long as grain and grass seed prices stay steady there will continue to be large acreages broken each year, and it is easy to visualize the Peace River District of B.C. producing many times as much grain and grass seed as all the rest of the province. Lack of heavy land clearing machinery and shortage of labor during the war years held up land clearing in this district, yet between 1941 and 1946 wheat production increased 300,000 bushels, oats 900,000 bushels, barley 90,000 bushels, flax 39,000 bushels, legume and grass seed 710,000 pounds. More legume seed was produced here in 1946 than all the province produced in 1942. In 1942 no legume seed was reported as being grown in the Block and less than 15,000 pounds of grass seed.

Who can make a guess at what the north country will be like sixty

years hence? Who would have predicted in 1887 the development that has taken place between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, or even in B.C. itself? Those who prophesied that the C.P.R. would never make enough to pay for the axle grease have been badly confounded and even the most optimistic never expected the marvellous expansion that has taken place. Today many who have not learned from the history of the West are "still belittling" the last great West and can see nothing but a frozen waste north of the C.N.R. line. Had Mackenzie & Mann been able to continue their line from Edmonton to Stewart, the Peace River District and the country west of Hudson Hope would have seen a development similar to that which followed the C.P.R. on the prairies in the latter part of the last century. Coal is known to be in the foothills and in the Rockies; gold to the west of them. Facts prove that to the east of the Rockies soil and climate are suitable for agri-

continued on page 99



The author and his wife standing before apple trees in bloom in their garden.

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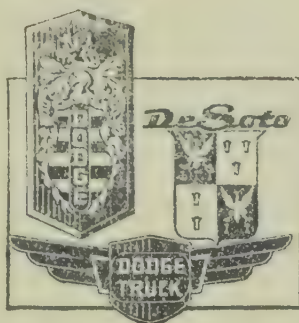
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WIRE

WRITE

Prince George, B. C.

Why Those Wring Offs

continued from page 19

were they set in cubbies on the ground (2) Your wring-offs and mice damaged pelts are cut at least seventy per cent. — The pole itself is the basic requirement where this set is concerned — and for this reason: when using the old-fashioned tree set (a notch cut in the tree) your trap is toggled to the tree itself, and when your Mink, Marten, Weasel, or what have you gets 'caught', it is able to brace its hind feet against the tree and fight the trap until, in many cases, it has succeeded in wringing off. Again, when hanging close against the tree your skin is within easy reach of mice and flying squirrel, whereas when using the pole set, directly the animal gets caught it hangs in mid air (for it immediately jumps clear of the pole). There is nothing against which it can get a brace (if it does succeed in getting back on the pole it soon topples off a gain), and in a very few minutes time it gives up the struggle — and when you come along the line you have a one hundred percent perfect pelt dangling at the end of the chain. In seasons when Mice are extremely numerous it is necessary to use about 12 inches of fine copper wire betwixt the ring of the chain and the end of the pole for, whereas mice will and do follow the chain down to your fur, it is seldom they attempt to navigate a twelve inch length of copper wire. I use the word 'seldom', because there are exceptions to any rule. Your pole should be large enough that, when flattened at one end, there is just room for the jaws of the trap to set nicely on it. The pole should extend out from the tree for about fifteen inches and your trap set about three inches out away from the tree. If too close to the tree itself, the animal will jump from tree to pole and probably miss the trap altogether, but by setting it a short distance from the tree, if he clears the trap with his front feet he is almost certain to be caught by the hind.

We have given two very substantial reasons why the tree set will earn you

far more dollars and cents in a season than any ground set, but there is another important angle to be taken into consideration when making comparisons between the two different methods of trapping. In severe cold weather the frost which accumulates upon the jaws of a trap momentarily hold those jaws down to the needles or grass etc. in which the trap is bedded. It should be taken into consideration that the movements of any fur bearing animal are indeed fast, and doubly so when they tip the pan of a trap. How many times during a winter have you found your trap sprung, at chains length from the toggle? This is mostly due to the fact the frost on the steel has delayed the action of the jaws sufficiently to enable the animal to spring back and pull free before those jaws have had time to close on a vital part of the foot. But when set upon a flattened pole there is nothing to delay the action no matter how low the mercury might be. Furthermore, though you only have the animal by two toes, there is nothing against which it can brace itself to do any tugging or pulling, and those two toes will hold it. Any animal trapped by one or two toes in a ground set invariably goes free. As illustration: a few years ago the writer trapped a medium sized Lynx in a number one trap set as described. When clear of the pole this Lynx was comfortably able to reach the ground with its hind legs, yet despite the fact that it was caught by only one toe it was still in the trap when I arrived on the scene probably some three days later.

The purpose of this article is not to mislead the reader into thinking he can put such sets on trees and immediately begin to pile up heavy catches of pelts. Unless one studies his trap-line, gets to know and understand the movements of different fur bearing animals, any attempt to make a comfortable income at this game will probably end in despair. However, if you keep your eyes open in the summer months, run your lines where you think the fur-bearers are likely to be ranging the following winter, I think that with any reasonable prices at all, between two and three hundred small



"...if they miss the pan with their front feet, they'll hit it with their hind."

traps will yield certain healthy dividends. Most fur-bearers have definite highways of travel, and the job of the trapper is to find those highways and have them covered by a plentiful number of sets.

In preparing these sets the only tools required are a sharp axe, staples, a coil of wire, and a brace and bit (a half-inch bit). After flattening the end of the pole, drive the staple into the tree at a sufficient height so that no matter how deep the snow gets the animal will hang at least two feet above snow line. (In high altitude trapping, where the snowfall is heavy, the set can be moved as high up the tree as the snowfall necessitates) Wire your pole to the staple and drive it home into the tree. About eighteen inches above the pole, bore two holes into the tree with

your bit and insert a solid stick 12 inches in length into each hole. Then lay a few spruce boughs on top of the sticks and you have a shelter for the set which will keep it in operation though it snows 12 inches in one storm. It is essential that all this preliminary work be done in the summer or early Fall. The heaviest catches of short-haired furs are made between
continued on page 97

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A man should be up right, not be held upright.

— Marcus Aurelius

From Dawn Till Dark

continued from page 16

trees, and their nerves were keyed to a high pitch. A raw wind had sprung up and it started to sleet. Under ordinary circumstances they would have found it cold and clammy, but the sweat was standing out on Bill's forehead and streaming down his back. The vigil continued about an hour with intermittent firing on the part of Nan, but there was no indication that she had hit any more of the Indians who had ambushed them.

During a lull Bill thought he heard

the brush rustle off to one side, but before he could signal Nan, a shot rang out and a bullet struck the tree immediately above his head. He threw himself to the ground. The shot had come from the opposite direction than had the first shot.... They were surrounded! He crawled to where he had left the .22. It would be better than nothing if they closed in - At close quarters it could be used as a club.

Suddenly Nan started shooting in the opposite direction from which the last shot had come as fast as she could pump shells into the gun. "They must be closing in," Bill thought, and put his back to the tree, bracing himself for the attack. Following Nan's last shot a groan was heard off in the trees... That made two of the red devils that she had accounted for.

Bill whispered to Nan. "Perhaps the rest will go away now." Nan just shook her head. She was not easily convinced, and kept firing at random just to let the Indians know that they would have their hands full should they show themselves - actually she wasn't feeling very brave. But she kept firing every time she heard a twig snap, or heard one of them crawling through the brush to a more advantageous position. Whenever Bill heard similar indications that the Indians were getting too close he would let go with the .22. Every minute or so the woods echoed to the crashing report of the 80-80 or the lighter report of the .22.

Minutes dragged slowly on... Every moment they expected to be rushed suddenly from all directions at once. The minutes dragged into hours - each of which seemed an eternity to the tensely alert besieged couple.... At last Nan threw down her gun in despair. The last shell had been fired... She started to crawl towards Bill to tell him. Bill heard the rustle of brush as she approached and was taking aim in the general direction of the sound thinking it was an Indian when Nan called out softly.

"My God!" exclaimed Bill softly. "I nearly shot you."

Nan motioned him to silence and told him about the shells, or rather,

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the fact that there were none left. It would be a calamity indeed if the Indians suspected why the big gun had stopped its spasmodic firing. If they were rushed now it would be the end. He might be able to get one or two of them by using his .22 as a battle club but they could pick him off easily. There was nothing to do but wait for the dawn.... and think.....

Just before dawn was the Indians' favorite time for attack, or so Bill believed from the countless stories that had been told about Indian attacks on the white man in his conquest of Western Canada and the U.S.A.... Even if they survived, it was going to be a messy business. The police would have to be notified. The dead Indians buried - and perhaps a wounded one or two to care for. And there would, of course, be an inquest, and perhaps even a trial... all of which would set back his plans many days, or even weeks... It was not a bright prospect....

They stood beside the trunk of the big fir tree and shivered in the cold as dawn slowly turned the black to gray. It had quit snowing, but an icy wind had sprung up. With each passing minute they could see a little further into the forest on one side, and across the clearing on the other, and they watched like only a besieged couple could watch for the slightest movement among the trees and brush, hoping to spot the Indians before they were themselves spotted, and yet hoping that they would not see them, which would mean that they had gone away.... They saw nothing.....

Even as it became full daylight, and the wind had dispersed the clouds, they saw no sign of the Indians. Deciding that the remaining Indians must have gone off, but still feeling uneasy, Bill kindled a fire, determined to get warm and have a cup of coffee, come what may, and before searching the forest in the neighbourhood of the camp for the dead Indians.

While sipping his coffee, Bill reached instinctively for his pipe, but of course it wasn't in its usual place, having been shot out from between his
continued on page 96

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KWAH

continued from page 14

ed shadows as if they were akin to the gray spruce partridge or the spotted fawn. Though tales had reached them of the whiteman, this was their first sight of these legendary people and the good or evil intent of the visit was yet to be known. Fraser's canoe was not by any means large, but in the eyes of these primitive people such a craft seemed very grand indeed. Their own canoes at this time were small affairs roughly put together by binding sheets of green spruce bark onto a frame made from small saplings bound together with moose thongs, and the cracks filled in with spruce or balsam gum. The birch bark canoe had never been one of their accomplishments, certainly not the beautiful models that were constructed by the Indian people east of the mountains, and has yet to met its equal for gracefulness and lightness. The efficient cottonwood dug-out canoe still common, did not come into existence till long after the advent of the white trader, when iron tools, such as the curved adze, crooked knife and axe, all necessary to construct a dug-

out canoe, had become trade goods. Their travel in such unseaworthy craft was generally very wisely confined to skirting along the shores of these large lakes, which are apt to kick up a wicked sea at times, that even to-day sometimes taxes the seaworthiness of the very fine type of long boat and engine used by the descendants of these same people.

It was old Kwah, easily picked out by Fraser as the Chief by his commanding presence, who stepped forward and with a dignified gesture gave a greeting to the travel stained voyagers. After peaceful intent was established by sign language, he personally saw that they were located in a suitable camping place nearby. That evening he dispatched the women to their camp with smoked fish from the curing racks and cakes of dried berries pounded together with bear grease. During the following days he guided Fraser and Stuart to the present site of the H.B.C. Post, and obtained help from among his young men to assist them in putting up the first rather crude trade building, simply a heavy pole frame with walls and roof sheeted with wide strips of bark. The building itself was surrounded at first with a make-shift stockade of pointed pine stakes. A far cry from the imposing trade post that in the following years arose on the same site as Fort St. James. The floor was pounded earth with an open fire for cooking and warmth. Cooking, eating and trading was all done in the same room. Tales have come down the years of the Indians crowding the windows and doors to watch the white-men at meals, seated as they were at a table with the food-stuffs laid out on plates, all of it new and strange to these people.

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A fine permanent log building, however, was not long in being erected soon after this start.

From then on the old Chief of the Carriers was the friend of the traders, but first, last and always, he was the father of his people and more than once opposed the Company men when he thought his people were being imposed upon by the traders, which is just likely, of course. Old trade records, for instance, report that Kwah often traded a whole beaver, not just a skin, mind you, for "a turnip to refresh himself after his trip on the river."

The Company people in these early days were alone amongst a savage people and steps were often taken at times by the whites to enforce their supremacy that to us now may seem outrageous. But rarely did a very serious situation arise between the traders and their Indian customers. They were far too shrewd and thorough as traders, were these old Scotch Highlanders, to allow their business and their employers business, to be interfered with. They were great little fixers, as a general rule. But there are instances that occurred that were menacing and dangerous to these isolated fur traders, and such a situation did arise at least once at this post, and had not great courage been shown by the two chief actors on each side, may have had a far different ending.

As the years passed other Forts and Posts of the great company were established in this rich fur empire, Fort Fraser, Fort George, Fort Grahame, Fort Babine and various outposts far up the river trenches. The law of the Company Factor was enforced as the only law in the lone land. Even in those far-off days there was seldom chaos or confusion in its administration. True, it was a law perhaps only suited to an empire founded on the fur trade, but at least it was not without some color of justice most of the time and mercy when needed was never very far away.

One cold winter day the chief trader was closing his post at Fort George

when, it has been told, a Fraser Lake Indian from away up the Nechako River, was caught in the act of pilfering Company goods by a Company servant. He was properly chastised, too severely perhaps. He was reported later on, by the Trader, to have waylaid the Company servant who had punished him, and slain the man in cold blood not far from the Fort buildings, and then with a companion fled for his own country and friends.

A year passed, and one day word was brought that this same Indian was encamped near the Post at Fort St. James, having come over the old trail connecting it with Fort Fraser thirty or so miles away. The traders, led by

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CLINTON, B.C.

The Unnamed Lake

continued from page 11

I said, which proved to be correct. And Jim's enthusiasm seemed to ooze out of his system like the air leaving a back tire.

"Then we aren't as far back in the wilds as I thought," sighed Jim. Somebody has been along this trail before us." He was right. But I tried to console him in his disappointment, nevertheless, pointing out to him that we were off the beaten track. And the next half mile proved that we were penetrating a nice stretch of virgin timber. The forest became more dense; the trail began to graduate down-hill; and the fresh, pungent scent of spruce and balsam was in our nostrils.

Who saw the lake first I do not know. Suddenly, the trail swung left and deposited us on the shore of a nice-size woodland lake-without a name! The lake was not listed on our map. There was no trace of it in printing on the sheet spread out before us—Jim always packs maps and printed guides wherever he goes. Somebody had, however, discovered it before us, and fishermen had been fishing its tranquil waters. The evidence was there. An old, empty tomato can reposed near a burnt-out campfire; a fish net made of screen-door netting, spoke to us plainly that fish were in the lake. Then we saw the most convincing (?) evidence of all—an old, dilapidated boat was half buried by bushes and reeds, half filled with water, and falling apart.

"Can't use that contraption at all," said Ernie, eyeing the death-trap longingly, nevertheless.

"What for?" said Jim. "Where do you think you're going — boat riding?"

"Fishing — someday," answered Ernie. "Look! Did you fellows see that fish jump?" We did. And I must state that it *was* a fish! We concluded that in this beautiful secluded lake, there were fish — beautiful, rainbow-flecked, silver sided trout!

"Man!" exploded Jim. "Fish! — Big ones! — What more do we want?"

"A boat," answered Ernie. "And we need our fishing equipment, too." Thus they banded words back and forth, while I decided to have a squint over the next knoll. I did, and sang out immediately. There, resting half in and half out of the water, was a boat. It was a home-made boat, of pre-atomic design. For once in my life I had made a discovery of import.

"Look!" said Ernie, coming on the run at my call. "A sign." — Sure enough, the owner of the contraption had nailed a sign to a tree alongside the water's edge. The sign read: "*You are welcome to use this boat but please do not improve on the design.*"

"Wouldn't want to," said Jim, eyeing the boat lovingly, although it was a flat-bottomed, square-ended tub. "It's a wonder it floats, but there's oars in it too, so it must be concluded, with a note of appreciation in his voice for this demonstration of Cariboo hospitality.

"Nice country," muttered Ernie, to no one in particular. "Nice people, nice boat, nice lake, nice day to fish. . . ."

"Tomorrow," I replied. "Don't forget that you have to be back in civilization before eight o'clock tonight. Let's go." — And so we did. We left behind the boat, the lake, the trout, and the mosquitoes, and returned to civilization.

Our return to the unnamed lake the following day took us over the same bumpy, washboard road, then to the moose trail and clearing, and finally over the game trail that led through the forest to the lakeside. We had arrived. And we launched the boat, smuggled a can of worms aboard without Jim noticing, and pulled out to deep water, rowing up the lake.

"What have you fellows got in that can?" said Jim suspiciously as he bent to the oars. "Don't tell me you birds have smuggled worms aboard our craft," he said with a disgusted look on his face. — Jim is a confirmed wet and dry-fly man. Of course, he is shaping up to the 'purist' class — one who uses neither worms, wet-fly or artificial bait of any kind, anyplace, any-

where, anytime — nothing but the dry fly. This rule, however, is not hard and fast, because there are diversities of opinions. One could hardly expect a fisherman to arrive at a concrete conclusion — their conclusions are usually very much abstract. . . including the fish they take!

Jim continued to eye us as Ernie fixed a juicy, wiggling worm on his hook and threw it overboard. His spinner glinted in the early morning sun light as Jim rowed up the lake. Ernie let the line run out, slowly retrieved it, and then began to fish in earnest.

Wham! — Before I had my hardware in the water, Ernie had hooked a nice one. His reel sang; his line cut through the water; the fish zigged and zagged and surfaced alternately, with the precision of the pendulum of a clock. Then the trout went berserk. It went through all manner of contortions one after the other. Ernie's face beamed; his muscles tensed, and the thrill of the battle was plainly etched on his features. The line slackened. Ernie's face clouded. It snapped taught again, and the reel sang as the trout headed for distant parts. Ernie's face beamed once more — and in a few moments he boated the nicest fish that I had seen in weeks.

"Two more!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, "and I'll row." In less than fifteen minutes he had taken two more. Jim fished, while Ernie took the oars, and then I rowed while Ernie fished again. We caught fourteen trout that morning. We flipped the fish into the boat without aid of a net, except where Jim was concerned. Needless to say, Ernie and I lost several fish alongside the boat. If we had possessed a net, which we had no desire to do — as there was one lying on the bank where the boat had been tied — we would have taken twice as many fish.

When we fish with worms, we dispense with the use of a net, this being our manner of evening the chances — worms and no net, or fly and net, is our motto when fishing with Jim. Very often it works out that we take more fish when using a fly and net than when using worms and no net — so that occasionally, just once in a

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while, we sneak the odd one into the boat with a net even when fishing with worms — just to keep things even — and Jim from crowing too loud.

On the whole, we have found that the 'wormer' is just as conscientious and just as honest in adhering to his principles as is the fly-fishing 'purist' — even the very purest of purists — both groups being confirmed liars and prevaricators — and when the going is tough, the wormer sneaks out his net, and the fly-fisherman puts just the tiniest hint of 'something', a piece of worm, or salmon egg on the tip of his fly, "just to make the lure a bit more 'tasty' and 'honest'", they say on these occasions — deceit having positively no part in their make-up. . . .

"Fishing with worms," said Jim, looking disdainfully at our can of squirming bait, "is like pot-hunting at night with a flashlight."

"Using a net," replied Ernie, "is like scooping spawning fish out of a creek with a gunny sack." His snort of disgust reminded me of the bellow of a bull moose at rutting time.

"You boys are like the pot calling the kettle black," I said. "Why don't you dispense with all camouflage and turn into honest 'purists', if there is such an animal, and fish with dry-flies — without live bait — without underwater lures — without wet flies —

with absolutely nothing but dry flies having not even a smell of bait on the hook to contaminate it, and perhaps egg the poor fish on in the mistaken belief that you were honestly offering it food and sustenance rather than cold-bloodedly trying to lure it into your clutches for your own nefarious ends? — Why not do this? And then if you want to become a 'pure-purist' all you need do is dispense with the net too. — I'm not saying, mind you, that you'll catch any fish — but as fishermen you will then be as pure as the driven snow."

"Why not," said Ernie, "file our hooks straight? Why not fish with the rod and reel, and hold the hooks in our hands? Why not dispense with the boat and float on our backs and fish? Or better still — throw our fishing tackle away and dive in after them, meeting them on their own grounds, so to speak, and give the poor an even break?" He glared at me. I grinned — and we went on fishing — with bait, net, and bits of salmon egg stuck on the tip of the fly hooks — serenely continued on page 92

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continued from page 12

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TIMBER CRUISE

Continued from page 37

quence, I sized up the proper target and with my heavy logging boot administered a hearty kick, at the same time giving a loud yell.

With a ludicrous look of astonishment the recipient of my lusty kick leaped to his feet, his companion doing likewise.

"Hello, Chilcotin," I said. "What are you doing here? You are not a Hom-alko. Why did you lie to us?"

With a sheepish grin the fellow acknowledged that he was indeed a Chilcotin; said that he wanted to buy food from us, but that they had no money nor anything to trade in exchange. I told him bluntly to go to the store at Cortez and get what they wanted.

"Halo chickamin delate si-yah — nika quass." (no money — very far — I'm afraid), he replied.

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Well, I felt pretty big, and rubbed it in about their lying to us and sneaking up on us, and said that we would not give them anything; that they were 'masatchie siwash'.

"Come on, Johnnie, come on!" called Clarence, anxious to get away, so saying "Klahowah allahashla Chilcotin" I climbed down the bank and took my place in the canoe.

Well, as you see, nothing really happened, but I like to think from this safe distance of time, what deeds of daring-do I would have performed if something had. — Such were the pleasures of cruising in the 'good ol' days'.

In darkest Brooklyn, a pupil reported to his nature teacher, "Dis moining I hoid a boid choiping."

"No John," corrected the teacher. "You heard a bird chirping."

"Funny!" commented John. "I coulda swore it was a boid choiping."

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WILLIAMS LAKE, B. C.

The Unnamed Lake

continued from page 90

squelching our consciences — if we had any.

Suddenly Ernie yelled, "The boat! She's sprung a leak! Pull for shore." He leaped up and grabbed an oar in double quick time.

"Easy," I cautioned, as the boat tipped almost to the gunwales. You'll capsize her. She's only a flat-bottomed, square-ended tub, — Take it *easy*!" But Ernie grabbed an oar and leaned on it, sinking it deep into the water, and the old crate slewed around, tipped up, and shipped part of the lake in over the side. — "Easy. . . ." I said, Easy. . . ."

"Easy. . . ." mimicked Jim, yanking out a handkerchief and tearing it in two. Quickly, he rolled the rag into a soft ball and began poking it into the hole in the bottom of the boat.

"Hey," yelled Ernie, always a stickler for details, "you're not supposed to improve on the design of the boat. Didn't you read that sign on the shore?"

"If I don't stop this leak, you'll be walking to shore on the bottom of the lake," said Jim, "— a true 'purist' by gum, catching fish with your two bare hands."

"Quit arguing, and row," I yelled. "Row like blazes! The boat's half full of water now — more or less."

"Bail!" shouted Ernie in reply. "The water's receding in the lake. We're being scuttled." He was right. By this

time the fish were floating, belly-up in the bottom of the boat, which was gradually submerging, but Ernie and I were rowing like mad. The oarlocks groaned; the prow(?) lifted; the stern churned foam. We rowed harder — harder — and still harder. Suddenly, the unexpected happened. Snap! — The oarlocks, made of wooden pegs, had snapped. Ernie was in the act of giving a mighty heave and landed in the bottom of the boat with a splash just as the oar bounced off Jim's cranium.

Jim quit bailing then, and started to shout. "Row!" he yelled sarcastically. "Row harder. — Bail! — Bail harder! Oh, yeh." I grinned but Ernie just eased himself down into the bottom of the boat and became suddenly philosophical — not even Jim's glares ap-

peared to disturb him.

We were not very far from shore when this happened, and by sculling furiously, I managed to get us to shore before the tub sank. We lit a fire to dry our clothes and boil a pot of coffee for lunch.

After having partaken of some black coffee, flavoured with birch-bark, we began to feel as though we might survive, and Ernie busied himself at carving off surplus pitch from one place and another both inside and outside the boat, while Jim took a knife and started to jam a piece of dry rag into the offending aperture in the boat. Jim, having completed his task, Ernie, who had found a can and had melted the pitch over the fire, poured the molten pitch over the hole, smeared it around

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a bit, and finished off as nice a job of patching as you'd like to see.

In the meantime I had carved out new oarlocks. Then Jim wrote on a piece of cardboard and tacked his note underneath the owners notice. Jim's lines read thus:— "We have been very grateful for the use of this boat. Although we have caulked a hole and mended the oarlocks, we have done our best to maintain the design throughout. . . .

"There," said Jim. "That should hardly provoke the owner to wrath. — We have *not* improved on the design."

"Right," replied Ernie, eyeing the sign with approval. "Let's fish." — And we did just that, adding a few more to what we had already caught — all in all making a good day's catch.

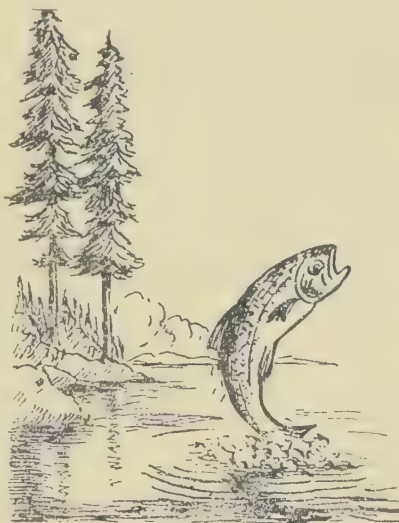
I have fished on Vancouver Island and on the mainland, in the state of Washington and elsewhere, but I've never had better fishing anywhere than in the waters of the unnamed lake that we discovered in Cariboo. The Cariboo and Northern B.C. hold the laurels for good fishing waters far above the average fishing waters anywhere.

Incidentally, when we arrived back at our unnamed rendezvous a week or so later, the boat was still there. The fish were still in the lake, and a new sign was hanging on the tree. It read: "Thanks for trying out the lake-worthiness of my boat. I had been afraid to go out in it since the fall trapping season of the past year. As test pilots, I

see that you were successful."

"What?" snorted Ernie. "Give me a pencil, someone quick." I handed him one, and he wrote underneath in a large scrawl:— "We suggest that before the next fall trapping season, that you jack up the oarlocks and float a new craft underneath, with modern up-to-date lines."

The third time we went out to fish the lake we found this reply:— "What do you want for nothing? Mind your own business, or I'll lock the boat up." We did just that. And we caught fish too — and without worms! And both of the boys(?) are well on the way to becoming 'purists', though their attainment of this goal is made somewhat difficult by the degenerating influence of a certain lowly wormer — yours truly, of Cariboo.



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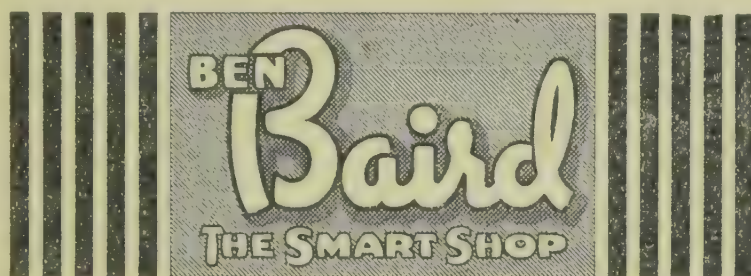


the young Factor in Charge, James Douglas, at once and without further ado, hid themselves to the guilty man's camp nearby. He was punished at once, no doubt based on the law, this time of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. At any rate he was so severely beaten, so old reports tell us, that he died, even as the Company servant had died at his hands.

It was then that the Indian people at Stuart Lake (who were closely linked by marriage with their neighbors just over Saddle Mountain) really became angry and dangerous. Their medicine man and the village conjurers that night shook their rattles and urged revenge against the "Long-knives", (the white chiefs who carry swords,) as the camp fires flickered on the walls of family lodges strung along the lake shore. Primitive passions were inflamed and restless.

The following day, lead by some hot-heads among them, the people collected and forced their way into the trading post, Chief Kwah among them as he was no less angry than his people, the slain man being a near relation. Factor James Douglas was in the trade room alone behind the counter and unarmed. He was cornered by a howling savage mob, all armed to the teeth and bent on bloodshed and destruction. Soon a skinning knife flashed out and was aimed at James Douglas's heart. It was then that old Kwah forced his way forward and just in time grasped the wrist and wrestled with the maddened tribesman. He then placed himself between the howling mob and Douglas, and though very angry himself at what he considered a mortal insult to the Carrier Indians, ordered them out of the post house, even then it was nip and tuck, as like all irresponsible mobs, it was blind to everything but its own passion.

By this action, Kwah showed himself not only a brave man, but a great leader. He undoubtedly saved the life of the man who for forty years as Sir James Douglas was the chief founder and central figure in what we now know as the Province of British Columbia. He was its governor and commander-in-chief, and lived to be



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knighted by the Great Queen Victoria for his services to the British Empire.

Chief Kwah lived to a ripe old age. He was the husband of no less than four wives, whom he was wont to place with their respective families, in the four corners of his lodge.

He allowed no squabbles between the wives or their children. There really is no doubt now that he was a outstanding man if he could accomplish a feat like this. He was highly respected by all the white men with whom he came in contact, and in the closing years of his life was a great friend of the famous Peter Skene Ogden, then the Factor at Fort St. James. He died in the spring of 1840 well over ninety years of age, from, it has been told, too hearty eating at a feast. He was buried by his own wish hard by the mouth of Stuart River where it breaks out of the Lake of the same name.

He left sixteen children. At one time considerably more than half of the population of the two villages at Fort St. James acknowledged him as their

ancestor. He was succeeded by his third son, who was also of an outstanding personality. During the old man's life this young man was generally known by the Hudson Bay people, whose friendship he enjoyed, as "The Prince", (the heir apparent, as it were). Later on when he became Chief simply as Prince. His direct descendants are still known by that name in and around Fort St. James.

To-day in a secluded spot hidden from the hurrying traffic, but still only a few yards away, his resting place is still to be seen. His headstone, in both Indian writing and in English, bears the following epitaph:-

~~~~~  
Here Lies The Remains Of  
Great Chief Kwah  
Born About 1755  
Died Spring 1840

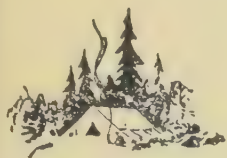
He Once Held In His Hand  
The Life Of Factor Sir James  
Douglas And Was Great Enough  
To Refrain From Taking It.  
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FROM DAWN TILL DARK

continued from page 85

teeth the night before. He would have given anything for a smoke, and decided that the pipe may not have been hit in the bowl. If so, he would still be able to have a smoke perhaps - if he could find it.

The shots had come from the left, so he started hunting over to the right amongst the fir needles and brush, and suddenly Nan heard him exclaim, "Well I'll be a son-of-a-gun! -How the hell could they shoot the pipe out of my mouth without breaking it?"

Nan looked up and there was Bill holding up his pipe - intact. He strode back to the fire muttering to himself, "Now how in blazes could...?"

Squatting by the fire he got out his knife, and proceeded to scrape out the bowl...

"Well I'll be damned!" he exploded, as he poured the contents of the pipe bowl into his palm. "Look, Nan!" he commanded, thrusting his hand towards her. "Can you beat that?"... In the

palm of his hand, mixed with the burnt and unburnt tobacco was an empty .22 long rifle shell.

"No wonder the pipe wasn't broken," he exclaimed. "The first shell just flew out of the open bowl. And this is what is left of the second one, which didn't go off till later, as the pipe lay on the ground and the slow burning tobacco burned down to it." He sat, staring stupidly at the evidence in his hand, and suddenly reached into his jacket pocket. Sure enough. Mixed in with the tobacco were three .22 shells.

"Well, there's our Indians Nan," said Bill, smiling now, his worries over.

Nan got to her feet. "Come," she said. "We must see what we were shooting at last night. What it was that make such noises, and fall when I shoot."

Some hundred yards or more from their campsite they came upon their victim - shot neatly through the head - one of their horses.... It had been wandering innocently enough through the brush between the two clearings, when a mixture of tobacco, .22 shells and vivid imaginations started the INDIAN BATTLE.....

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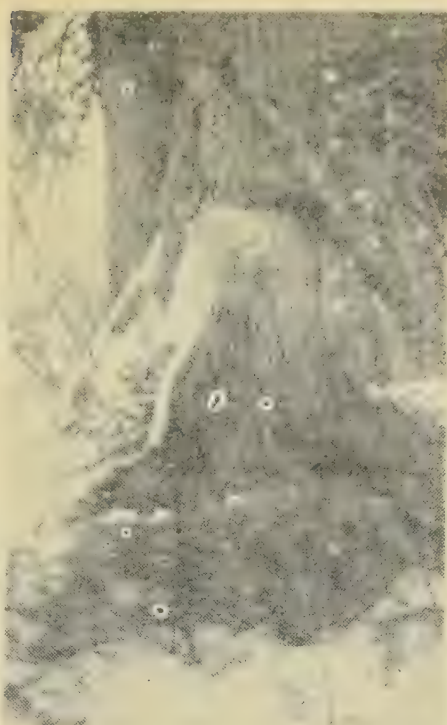
continued from page 83

November 20th and January 15th. I personally pull all my lines for land fur at the end of January - sometimes earlier - but altitude will of course make a difference in seasonal prime-ness of fur. Whereas the high-altitude trapper can perhaps start running his lines early in November, down here on the Chilcotin plateau the fur does not as a rule prime up until the last week in November. But no matter at what altitude the trapping takes place, poles and covering should be in place and traps hanging ready for setting so that you can take full advantage of the first run of prime furs.

Again, the number of traps operated and the way in which the Lines are arranged is a matter best decided by the individual trapper himself. We operate Three hundred No1 traps, one hundred to each run. This gives us three separate lines, each line being run twice a week. Over a period of years this system has proved highly satisfactory but what goes on this line does not necessarily go at an altitude of Five or six thousand feet.

Any Registered Line should be of sufficient dimension that it can be cut into at least two different sections and if we trap one such section this year we should move to the other next and thus give this years run a complete seasons rest. If the Registered Trapper is to leave plenty of breeding stock on the Line he cannot run the same line year after year and expect it will continue to yield healthy dividends. Very much akin to farming; As the successful farmer leaves certain acreages fallow each year so must the successful trapper leave at least half of his trapping grounds free of traps every other season.

There are niggers in any woodpile and we might as well devote a few words to that enigma of any successful trapping - - - Scents. Whereas any bait will perhaps take a Weasel or Martin up a tree your Mink is rather a shrewd fellow and if you expect him to shin up the tree and get caught



" Even at that distance I could tell it was a giant weasel."

In your set you have got to use a scent of sufficient quality that all dis-pretion will go on the wind and he will be lured up the tree and try to follow the drag clear out to the end of the pole. Only a small percentage of mink will go up a tree to investigate a baited set. Ninety per cent of such mink will follow the drag of a really powerful scent through hell or high water. I dont think any Registered Trapper can rightly expect us to state in this article the numerous ingredients that go to make a really proficient scent. There is no Royal Road to success in any business and trapp-

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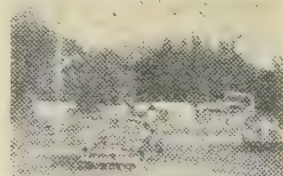
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ing is no exception. Fetid scents is one which has as its base the glands of those Fur bearing animals for which you are trapping. It takes a good many years to build up a supply of fool proof, money making scent and any (Rotten fish or meat) are alright but they dont go far enough. The only really successful scent (in our opinion) such scent made from glands is not likely to be obtainable in any large quantity. Years ago the writer experimented with several types of commercial scent — with but indifferent success. Out here along the hills and creeks of your own trapline you have ingredients for scent such as you'll never obtain from any commercial firm, and by obtaining such ingredients in sufficient quantity; by mixing them in the proper manner you'll eventually wind up with a scent which few of the short-haired fur bearers can resist.

We have not sufficient space at our disposal in this article to adequately go into the finer details pertaining to this tree set. However, the B.C. Registered Trappers Association are mimeographing several short pamphlets giving additional information, and if you are a paid up member of the Association this pamphlet will be sent

1947 ANNUAL CONVENTION of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association to be held at Prince George

The 4th Annual Convention of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association will be held at Prince George on or around the 15th day of June next. All members will receive personal notification of the exact date when final arrangements have been completed. The Association would like to make this appeal for the attendance of as many Registered Trappers (whether members of the Association or not) at the Convention as possible in order that some of the present problems affecting their livelihood can be given through discussion. The Association also invites any of its many members who will be unable to attend but who would like problems affecting their own districts brought up for discussion to write the President of the Association at Riske Creek, B.C.

Shooting of Red Squirrels, Beaver and Muskrat. Up to date of March 1st, result of balloting on this shows: In favor of prohibiting all shooting of Red Squirrel - - 77 per cent; of Beaver and Muskrat 96 per cent. In order that all Registered Trappers might be given the opportunity of casting a vote on this contentious question the final returns will not be made public until late spring. If you are a Registered Trapper and received no ballot and would like to cast your opinion on the question, make a ballot out for yourself thus:

Are you in favor of prohibiting shooting of Red Squirrel?

Are you in favor of prohibiting shooting Beaver and Muskrat?

Name address and licence number.

Mark the ballot and mail to the B.C. Registered Trappers Association, Riske Creek, B. C.

free upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If your membership fee is not paid up to date, or if you have not as yet joined the Association, enclose the sum of *one dollar* (yearly dues) with your request for

the pamphlet. It, together with membership card will be forwarded in due course. Address all such correspondence to the B.C. Registered Trappers Association, Riske Creek, B.C.



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Agriculture In the PEACE

continued from page 81

culture. Apples and other fruits are now ripened regularly. Crab apples and the new hybrids are yielding crops comparable to the so-called "more favoured" sections, without the multitude of insects plaguing the milder districts; small fruits abound, both wild and tame; game and fur are plentiful; splendid fishing can be had in the mountain streams and lakes. While it is true we have cold weather—and this winter was the worst for many years—I would wager that the average person in Vancouver was in more misery from the elements than the average resident in the Peace River country.

We have the soil and climate to produce the crops and gardens; we have an abundance of coal and wood; we have gas waiting to be piped to the consumer (and a franchise will be submitted to Dawson Creek and Pouce Coupe for their approval this spring); we have in our rivers potential water-powers sufficient to electrify the

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whole district; we have the finest hunting and fishing within a few hours by car from railhead; lakes large enough for boating; scenery unsurpassed anywhere; educational facilities and a variety of churches to satisfy anyone. What more can we need?

Well, there are still a few things needed. These are mostly things that man can supply. First would be the extension of the P.G.E. Railway. This would be a wonderful boon, not only to the residents here but to the whole of British Columbia. Those who live here predict that this provincial white elephant would get a lovely black coat once it was connected with the Northern Alberta Railways and started to haul our coal, grain and livestock to the Pacific ports. Instead of fruit growers, distributors and manufacturers at the coast and interior having to ship their goods through Alberta, they could be sent directly here and save many hundreds of miles of hauling. This railway has been promised and we

hope and believe that Hon. John Hart will implement his promise, but so much has been promised in the past and nothing done that it is no wonder a certain amount of scepticism is noticeable. The completion of the all-weather highway to the coast—now under construction—will also help. This road, which will connect with the Alaska Highway at Dawson Creek; should then be carried on to the Alberta boundary and a highway constructed via Whitecourt to Edmonton by the Alberta government, thereby cutting the distance to the prairie highway system by about one-half. Another grievance which should be remedied is the exorbitant telephone rates in the Block and to outside points. These are a handicap to business. To telephone from Dawson Creek to Fort St. John (50 miles) costs \$1.50, between Edmonton and Dawson Creek (500 miles) the rate is \$3.00. Compare these rates with the following: Edmonton to San Francisco \$2.25; Edmonton to New York \$3.00. How long would Vancouver businessmen stand for this kind of discrimination?

With the coming of the railways and highways, most of our other

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troubles would be eliminated. The building of the Alaska Highway has given the district world-wide publicity and the thousands of construction workers and soldiers who were stationed in the district during the war has resulted in witnesses of the possibilities of the country spreading all over the North American continent. What this means to the future of the country depends almost entirely on the question of transportation. Given this, the future is assured. What the results will be to the rest of Canada can only be gauged by seeing what the development of other new districts has done. While there is no part of Canada that would not feel the impetus of increased business, either directly or indirectly, the place to receive the most benefit would be Vancouver. Are the busi-

ness men and politicians of that district big enough to take a long-range view of the possibilities lying in their backyard? If they continue to fight against any extensions of transportation facilities and a fair appropriation for our inadequate road system there will be only two alternatives left: Either affiliation with Alberta or carving out a new province consisting of northern B.C., northern Alberta, and the Mackenzie Valley district. We prefer to stay as we are politically, but the people that pioneered this country are not afraid to do a little more pioneering. Perhaps the Vancouver Board of Trade could spare time to make an official trip next year when the new Hart Highway is open. They could then see for themselves what the possibilities of this vast inland empire are.



Swamp River falls — possible sight of hydro-electric power project to supply the Wells-Barkerville district with cheap power — this is but one of the many such potential sources of hydro-power due to be investigated shortly by the B. C. Power Commission.

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Phone 25 - Williams Lake, B.C.



"THE LAST STAGE" — Yards at Chemainus, B.C.—courtesy Economics Division, B.C. Forest Service.

FAIR DAYS and PERILOUS

continued from page 78

oratory, P.O. Box 308, Court House, Vernon, B.C. Unfortunately, however, the insects are not as readily detected as are fires, so that a word or two of formal introduction may not be out of place.

There are defoliators and bark borers. The former have not proved destructive as the latter and their handiwork is far easier to perceive. Recent surveys show that they have caused severe defoliation over some 156,000 acres, the responsible fellow being the "Western Hemlock Looper". The "Spruce Budworm", who is by no means particular about confining his attentions to spruce trees, is a definite threat and the authorities fear "outbreaks in the extensive stands of spruce and balsam in the Prince George district". Once more we are uncomfortably close to home. The "European Larch Sawfly" and the "Poplar Sawfly" must also be considered although they have not as yet appeared very far north in the Province.

The bark borers, as their name suggests, operate less conspicuously but successful control depends on their

early detection and the immediate reporting of their unwelcome presence to competent authorities. The illustration (Fig 3) clearly depicts the work of defoliators but we shall have to make do with a verbal description in the case of that of the borers.

The 'unholy three' of the West are as follows.

- a. Balsam Bark Beetle,
- b. Western Spruce Bark Beetle,
- c. Mountain Pine Bark Beetle.

The arboreal 'objects of their affectations' are just those

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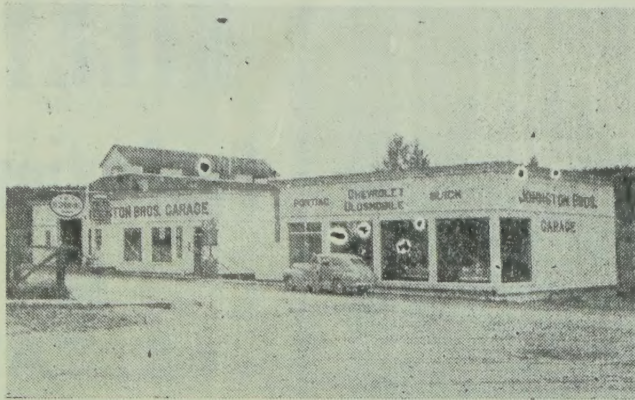
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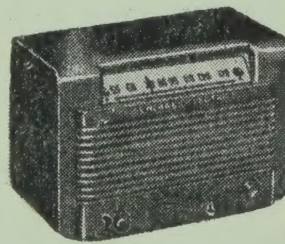
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which their respective names suggest and the last named is the most destructive. In so far as the Pine Bark Beetle and the Western Spruce Bark Beetle are concerned the most reliable evidence of their unwelcome presence can be listed thusly:-

- i. Trees, singly or in groups, with crowns turning reddish brown.
- ii. *Pitch Tubes* or collections of boring dust and displaced pitch pushed out of their tunnels by the insects and collected on the outside of the tree.
- iii. *Boring dust* which resembles very fine sawdust caught in bark crevices or spider webs and lying in a circle at the base of the tree.
- iv. *Bark stripping* by woodpeckers who know better than we do where to look for the pests and go right after them.

Signs Numbers i, iii & iv apply to the Balsam Bark Beetle. Pitch Tubes are absent in the case of the Balsam Bark Beetle and may be absent also in other cases where the attack has been made late in the season when the sap flow is less. However, suspicions may be allayed or substantiated easily enough by emulating the woodpecker and stripping some of the bark when the tunnels or galleries made by the insects will show up.

On the scores of interest and excitement, what has been written may well require an apology. But the situation in the forests deteriorates from year to year and anything that can be done to restrain this tendency must be done. The Forest Service, as seems frequently to be the opinion of some anyway of its higher Officers, is like "a boy on a man's errand" and, while some of its hampered effort may have every appearance of being misdirected, this is not, by any means, always the case. "The boy" is doing everything possible; it remains for the public through the Government to accord him the stature of a "man" and, meanwhile, for the public to co-operate with him by preventing and, if possible, suppressing fire and by reporting without delay the presence of any enemy within the forest ranks.



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Frank Swannell
#564-Dallas Rd.,
Victoria B.C.

Sick's Capilano Breweries

Coast Breweries

Vancouver Breweries



Vancouver, British Columbia

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